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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE Prime Minister's statement in the House of Commons on the bombing of our merchant ships in Spanish harbours stressed the difficulty of taking any action. It was in reality a refusal to do anything which would annoy Mussolini or delay Franco's victory. He admitted that since the middle of April 22 British ships have been involved in air attacks in Spanish ports, that 11 of these have been sunk or damaged and that in several cases the attack has been deliberate and that with the possible exception of S.S. *Sancroft*, whose case is now being heard at Gibraltar none seems to have been carrying the materials of war. General Franco has fenced with our protests and the outrages have continued. What then are we to do? Reprisals the Prime Minister rules out—and if he means such reprisals as Germany took at Almeria, none of us will disagree with him. He is obviously right, too, in saying that the defence of ships in harbour against air attack is a different problem from that of defence against submarine piracy on the high seas. But it is not an insoluble problem—except on the assumption that we must do nothing which is incompatible with the policy of non-intervention. That policy, and the length to which the Government has pushed it, is in fact the root of the mischief. It gives the Spanish rebels and their Italian and German masters a free hand to do pretty well what they like, even when what they like includes the destruction of British lives and property.

Fruits of Non-Intervention

Mr. Chamberlain will not hear of relaxing his precious policy to the extent even of allowing the Spanish Government to import anti-aircraft guns which might help to defend our ships as well as their own cause. Nor did he refer to the possibility of intensifying non-intervention—by applying it to Franco. To cut off relations and trade with Franco would of course damage British interests. The best hope he can offer (and that very doubtfully) is "safety zones"—by the kind permission of Burgos and Rome and Berlin—for British merchant vessels. What a hope! Apart from that he has warned Franco that these attacks cannot be repeated "without serious injury to our friendly relations with the Burgos authorities." There was Opposition laughter at that—and there will be world laughter. The *Times*, we notice, says that Mr. Chamberlain's statement was "not Palmerstonian, but it was wise." The *Berliner Tageblatt* congratulates him on his "objectivity and sobriety." The English dictionary contains a number of words more fitting to the occasion.

The War in Spain

Franco's troops have captured Castellon, after several days of fierce fighting in the suburbs. Besides the land attack, the town has been subjected to gruelling bombardments from the air and from the sea. The losses of the

defenders have been heavy, but far less heavy than they would have been but for the elaborate system of underground shelters which has made Castellon into a city of cave-dwellers. There is considerable activity also on other fronts, as well as constant air raids on the coast towns from Valencia to Barcelona. The rebels claim successes—and the Government deny them—in the Pyrenees and in the Cordova sector. Whichever of these conflicting reports may be right, there is still no sign of anything decisive. The fall of Castellon gives Franco the command of another strip of coast, but it leaves the main armies of the Republic intact and Mussolini still fuming at the long delay in the realisation of his hopes. He may perhaps get some satisfaction out of the bombing of British and French merchant ships. But the Italian casualty lists have mounted steadily, and there is ample evidence that the Spanish war is detested in Italy.

A New Horror in China

A new terror is now taking its toll of combatants and non-combatants alike in China. High explosives have slain their thousands in Canton; the flood in the north is slaying its tens of thousands. The bursting of the Yellow River dykes has let loose a tide of water which has submerged an immense tract of country, with its villages and farms and homesteads, and has, according to the reports (which probably exaggerate the figures), drowned 150,000 Chinese peasants and 5,000 (some say 12,000) Japanese troops, together with guns, tanks and other material. Another force of Japanese is said to have been cut off near Kaifeng, on the Lunghai railway. Desperate efforts are being made by both Japanese and Chinese engineers to repair the dykes, but the task seems hopeless against the stupendous weight of water, swollen as it is by exceptionally heavy rain. Each side has accused the other of letting loose this devastation; but there is no proof that either has been guilty of such "frightfulness." The water is still pouring southward over the Honan plains, as we write; it is interfering with, and may soon stop altogether, the Japanese attack on the railway and compel them to concentrate on the advance to Hankow up the Yangtze River.

Czechs and Germans

The third batch of the municipal elections in Czechoslovakia went off quietly enough, though the German press indulged in its usual wild charges against the Czechs. The Sudeten German Party made gains, as it was expected to do, and it is estimated in Berlin that, taking the elections as a whole, it received over 91 per cent. of all the German votes. The Czech coalition parties, especially the National-Socialists and the Agrarians, strengthened their position in the Czech areas in Sunday's polls, and Father Hlinka's autonomists did badly in Slovakia. They only got 8,000 votes in Bratislava, as against the non-autonomists' 20,000. Now interest centres again in the Nationalities-Statute (the text of which may be published at any moment) and the discussions between the Prime Minister, Dr. Hodza, and the Sudeten leaders. The line that these latter are going to take is still in doubt. It is believed in some quarters that Herr Henlein, if left to himself, might be reasonable; but Dr. Kundt and Herr Krebs, who are now in the forefront of the negotiations, are regarded as Hitler's tools and spokesmen. Whether Hitler means peace or war we do not yet know; but the odds are that it is peace—for the present; that is to say, he will accept all he can squeeze from the Prague Government for the moment, while he matures his plans for the disintegration of the Czechoslovak Republic as opportunity offers.

Our Imperial Scandals

Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, in his speech on the West Indian troubles on Tuesday, was refreshingly free from that cant and complacency which are so common in Ministers' dealings with Imperial scandals. He made no attempt to gloss over the deplorable conditions in Jamaica and in other islands—the starvation wages, unemployment, bad food, slum housing and disgraceful sanitation. He said, indeed, that it was not fair to accuse the authorities, on the spot and at home, of doing nothing; but he admitted that what little has been attempted is utterly inadequate. A Royal Commission is to go out, with wide terms of reference, and in the meantime reforms such as the extension of the social services, housing and health, will be pressed on. This is all promising; but, as the Royal Commission will doubtless find, more fundamental remedies are urgent. New occupations, besides the staple industries of sugar, cocoa and bananas, must be developed. Land must be provided for peasant holdings to enable a far greater part of the population to support itself above a miserable subsistence level. These things will cost money—more than the colonies themselves can possibly find, or than can be got by any juggling with tariffs and preferences. The British taxpayers in fact will be called on to prove that they are fit to own an Empire by paying for it. And incidentally we may remind ourselves that we have other colonies, as well as the West Indies, with discontents which need remedying.

American See-Saw

The final acts of Congress before adjourning have been to pass two measures whose influence seems likely to be mutually contradictory. Supplemented, at the Senate's instance, by a new clause providing for £40 millions of "parity" payments in support of cotton, maize and wheat prices, the Relief and Recovery Act has become law. A further £700 millions of Treasury funds will be pumped into the body economic—a sizeable dose of inflation which might bring about a temporary business rally in the autumn if capitalist entrepreneurs were not on strike against the New Deal. They will not be encouraged to call off the strike by the other measure passed by Congress—the revised Wages and Hours Act. This fixes maximum hours of work per week at 44, 42 and 40, respectively, for the first, second and third years of its operation, and enacts a mandatory minimum wage of 25 cents per hour, rising to 40 cents per hour by the seventh year at latest. The validity of the Act will probably be tested by Big Business in the Supreme Court. The result is doubtful; but what is not in doubt is that the President of General Motors was speaking for all the large capitalist interests the other day when he denounced this instalment of desirable social legislation as deflationary. So it may be, if capitalism sulks more obstinately than ever in its tent at this resurrection of N.R.A. wage conceptions.

The U.A.B. Reports

The Report of the Unemployment Assistance Board for 1937 records the completion of the change-over from

"transitional payments" to allowances calculated in accordance with the Board's national scale. From May 1938 all local differences under the "standstill" have gone; and there is now only a uniform system administered with regard to individual cases of hardship. The Board is greatly concerned because the two principles on which it is supposed to act—adequate relief of proved need and the keeping of allowances below normal earnings—all too often conflict. In only a few cases have the Board allowed the former principle to prevail by granting allowances equal to or in excess of normal earnings; but there are a good many more cases in which the difference between allowances and earnings is quite small. In effect the Board, in the anxiety to keep allowances below earnings, is acquiescing in a large amount of malnutrition in households with numerous children. Its defence presumably is that similar malnutrition exists in the households of many more employed persons who are underpaid, and that to remedy it would undermine the incentive to look for work. The answer, of course, is that the State ought to prevent these abominably low wages by an extension of minimum wage legislation. The Report further shows that nearly half the male applicants and forty per cent. of the women are over 45; so that a great part of the existing "long unemployment" is among workers whose chief handicap is age. But there is also a large group of young "long unemployed," and the Board is now engaged upon an inquiry into the reasons for their failure to find work even under the improved industrial conditions of 1937.

The I.L.O. at Work

The International Labour Conference, in its discussions of the problem of reduced hours of labour, has been getting right to the heart of the matter. The practicability, under the existing economic system, of raising wages or reducing hours in the more advanced industrial countries is indissolubly connected with the raising of standards of living, among peasants even more than among wage-workers, in the less developed parts of the world. Mr. Brown, the Minister of Labour, stressed this point in his address to the Conference. Mr. Butler, replying to the discussion, reasserted his faith in the necessity of shorter hours of labour as a means of dealing with technological unemployment, and in the importance of maintaining popular consuming power as a means of averting trade depressions. The Conference also spent some time in considering the economic effects of rearmament. Mr. Butler was taken to task for admitting the immediately favourable reactions of armament activity on trade and employment; but he had no difficulty in defending his position, while he agreed that in the long run the diversion of productive capacity to useless forms of output was bound to reduce standards of living. Finally, Mr. Butler delivered an impassioned attack on the policy of economic isolation, which, he said, "is nowadays as chimerical a dream as political isolation."

Shop Workers and Hawkers

The Newsagents' Conference heard its secretary, Mr. MacLaren, tell it that regulated wages and hours of labour for all classes of distribution workers were bound to come in the very near future, and that it would be useless to oppose their coming. The Conference, apparently, agreed with this verdict; for it went on to discuss the scope of regulation, with an insistence that if hours and wages were to be fixed by law for shopkeepers, the regulations must be made to apply generally—to small newsagents as well as big shops, and to street newsvendors as well as to newsagents in a narrower sense. This problem—the control of street trading—will obviously come up in a highly controversial form as soon as the attempt is made to draw up the terms of regulation for the distributive trades generally, either under the Trade Boards Act or by means of special legislation. It is one thing to regulate the conditions of employed persons, and quite another to restrict the hours of labour of those who are, at any rate in form, working "on their own." Small shops must certainly be made subject to the same rules as big ones, in respect of wages and the hours of employment of hired labour. But it is hardly practicable, except by regulating the hours of opening, to deal with the hours of those who are not employed at wages, and it is beyond the wit of man to control the working hours of newsvendors or other hawkers who are really self-employed.

From Ether to Air

The translation of Sir John Reith from the Director-Generalship of the B.B.C. to the Chairmanship of Imperial Airways was "news" and startled Tuesday's evening papers into big headlines. The new appointment means that Imperial Airways will get the whole-time chairman recommended by the Cadman Committee, and a chairman gifted with great qualities of "drive" which will find ample scope in the backwardness of British civil air services. In view of recent discontents among the personnel of Imperial Airways it might be thought surprising that the choice for the post of chief executive should have fallen on Sir John Reith, whose great administrative gifts have not always been matched with the capacity to maintain the happiest relationships with his staff. But the Airways Board is also being strengthened—particularly, it may be presumed, from the staff relations angle—by the appointment to it of Sir James Price, formerly deputy Secretary of the Ministry of Labour. At the B.B.C. Sir John will have no comparable successor. He took over broadcasting in its gay, irresponsible and enterprising infancy. Ambitious, impatient of criticism, convinced that he knew best what the public ought to want, he dominated personally the entire growth of the B.B.C. He left it a clockwork organisation possessing some of the virtues and a good many of the vices of a big bureaucracy. Having finally reorganised its structure a couple of years ago, when his personal autocracy was modified by devolution of powers to four chief executives under the Director-General, his job was done. At 49 he turns from the ether to the air.

Next week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will be a special Summer Reading Number. It will include a description of the Chinese front by Christopher Isherwood, and there will be special articles and reviews by Edward Sackville-West, Humphry House, R. H. S. Crossman, K. John, Herbert Read, Christopher St. John and others.

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NATIONAL LEADERSHIP

LAST Monday the *Times* flew a kite. Cautiously according to its wont it discussed in a leading article a possible broadening of the basis of the Government. After patting Mr. Dalton on the back for his speech in the Air Debate, the *Times* went on to inquire whether the divisions of policy between the Government and the Opposition were really as considerable as they seemed. "There would have," it was said, "to be great changes before a wider degree of co-operation between the Government and their present critics in all parties become practicable"; but the possibility of these changes did not seem to be ruled out. The article ended with a plea, or perhaps even a demand, for "a policy of conciliation based on strength, but not a policy of surrender based on weakness"—phrases which, read in their context, contained an implied criticism of Mr. Chamberlain's policy, and conveyed a strong hint that the National Government needed new blood, perhaps from other parties.

Here was bait for at least some members of the Opposition. As far as public utterances go, at least, the Labour Party still rejects all entanglements with other parties, in the expressed hope of a clear Labour majority being returned at the next General Election. Officially it denounces any sort of alliance with either the Liberal or the Communist Party, though it must be remembered that, in its last manifesto, it went out of its way to explain that it would not exclude the possibility of joint action if there were any sign of a considerable break in the ranks of the Government's supporters. It excludes collaboration with Communists absolutely, and with the Liberals as matters stand; but apparently it does not exclude altogether collaboration with both Liberals and dissident Conservatives, should a situation which would make this practicable actually arise.

Here are two contrasting views, both cautiously expressed. On the one view the National Government would swallow up the Opposition on the plea of the need for unity in face of the crisis. On the other the Labour Party would achieve power with the aid of Conservatives in revolt against the Government's complicity in the advance of the Fascist dictators. In both cases there would emerge a new Coalition; but in the one case it would be a coalition of all the "patriots" against the irreconcilables, and in the other a coalition of all the "good men" against Mr. Chamberlain. The Labour Party would certainly expect to appoint its own leader to the second of these coalitions; the *Times* would perhaps expect Mr. Eden to lead the first.

That these divergent possibilities should both be in men's minds to-day shows how fluid and uncertain the political situation is. The Popular Front, if it meant a national electoral alliance of the Labour, Liberal and Communist Parties, never stood much chance, if only because the Liberals and the Communists had manifestly too few electoral assets to offer. The Labour Party Executive naturally brushed that proposal aside. At most it was prepared to accept, without saying so, the help of the Council of Action; it never believed in the possibility of coming to terms with the Liberal Head Office. Here it may well have been right—though the argument that Liberals could never work with a Socialist Government was often most stressed by those elements in the Labour Party whose own Socialism was least conspicuous. But the main point is not the attitude of Headquarters or even of avowed supporters of the Liberal or of any other party. Probably the majority of voters to-day are neither Conservatives nor Liberals nor Socialists. The majority at an election goes to the side that captures the non-party voters.

The crucial question is how to transfer these votes. Is Labour, fighting alone, likely to win an independent majority? Doubtless Labour did better, and Liberalism much worse, at Aylesbury and in North Derbyshire. But neither seat was nearly won; and in Stafford, which ought to have been won by a party on the way to a sweeping national victory, Labour did no better at all than in 1935. The plain fact is that victory requires the support of the non-party voters, and that there has been, so far, no sweeping transference of this support to the Labour side. With the increasing pressure of international emergency bewildered voters tend not to believe in old-fashioned party cries, but to rally to the voice that comes with the reassurance of authority. That is why the "National" cry is so effective. At the next election the Conservatives will again attempt to gain power by presenting themselves as the only safe and stable force ready to meet a critical situation. A large part of the electorate—probably a majority—no longer feels in the least safe with the National Government: on the contrary, it is terrified and humiliated by the results of Mr. Chamberlain's foreign policy. But it will go on supporting him unless it has more reason than it has now to put its confidence in those who offer an alternative. And—for someone must be honest—the present Labour Front Bench does not look like a formidable and efficient alternative government. A more definite and authoritative leadership is necessary if the electorate is to put Labour into power.

The trouble is not the rejection of the Popular Front, but Labour's failure to understand the conception and the need that lies behind it. The object is to offer, in the face of war, Fascism and poverty, a national leadership as appealing and confident as the spurious cry of National Government. The Labour Party, however, seems satisfied with an almost negative attitude of isolation and only shows signs of great enthusiasm when it is disciplining its own followers.

There are many forms of collaboration besides an electoral alliance; and many of these forms of collaboration the Labour Party, if it were wise, would encourage strongly, instead of doing its best to damp them down. Why, at a time like this, when all the available support is wanted, waste time in inquiring about an indiscreet speech which a candidate may have made about a Popular Front? Why dissolve local parties where there is enthusiasm instead of attempting itself to lead that enthusiasm? Moreover, even in the electoral sphere, it does not follow, because a national pact would be unworkable and useless, that there is nothing to be said in favour of local pacts in some particular constituencies.

Where the local Labour and Liberal Parties can agree upon a common candidate, in areas which neither stands any chance of winning alone, and are prepared to run him as a "Progressive" or "Independent" or "Popular" candidate, and not as either "Labour" or "Liberal," need Transport House go out of its way to stamp out such local initiatives? Why not let them alone, and see what comes of

them? They stand on a different footing from cases in which a Labour candidate is asked to withdraw in favour of a Liberal, or *vice versa*. And it must be borne in mind that, in areas dominated by Toryism for generations, local Liberalism is often much more Radical than the head office of the Liberal Party.

But even this sort of limited electoral kite-flying is not the main issue. What really matters is that the Labour Party should not allow itself to become afflicted by a hardening of the arteries. Of the two alternative notions set out earlier in this article we should unhesitatingly reject that which contemplates as possible a surrender of Labour's independence by participation in a "National" coalition under Conservative leadership and including the main body of the Conservative Party. We should not exclude the other alternative—a Government based primarily on Labour, but including progressive elements from the other parties—and we understand that the Labour Party too does not rule it out. To will the end, however, involves willing the means; and the only condition on which a combination of this second type could provide a foundation for a workable Government would be that the ground should have been prepared by close co-operation—over Spain, over China, over the Empire, and over other immediate issues as they arise, and in matters of home policy as well—among all the elements hostile to Mr. Chamberlain's policy and to the forces of reaction to which he mainly owes his power.

HITLER'S TECHNIQUE IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA

[FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN PRAGUE]

THE week-end of May 21st resulted in a check for Hitler's advisers. But that only intensified the need for a different technique of pressure on Czechoslovakia. If German tanks are not allowed to promenade into Bohemia, another way must be found to make the Czech Republic fall voluntarily into the lap of the Third Reich. Therefore the Wilhelmstrasse advised—Czechoslovakia must be disintegrated from within; first of all economically, to make a long resistance impossible; secondly, psychologically to undermine the morale of the population. This idea was not of course new; it had always been kept as a possible alternative should the direct methods fail.

With this in view Herr Henlein summoned a meeting of the most prominent Bohemian industrialists and financiers as early as February 20th, 1938, which passed almost unnoticed not only in the world press but even in Czechoslovakia. This meeting, minutes of which were kept secret, was attended, among many others, by Dr. Kislinger of the "Central Industrial Union," Dr. Ledebur-Wicheln of the Bohemian Union Bank, and Herr Ulrich, Director of the German Agrarian Bank.

At this conference for the first time in the history of the Henlein Party an attempt was made not only to secure financial help directly from German capitalists in Czechoslovakia, but also to use them as an instrument in his policy of separating Bohemia from the Czech Republic. From the opening speech of the President of the conference it was clear that Henlein demands from the Bohemian industrialists that they should form just as separate a body within the Republic as the Sudeten Party is itself. In other words, it should sever all connections with the non-Bohemian Czech industrial world.

Since, however, these two industrial groups are closely interlocked, despite all the political frictions between them, the effect of such separation is not too difficult to imagine—it would mean the complete breakdown of the economic stability of Czechoslovakia. It would result in more than a financial loss to the Czechs; it would also affect to a great extent the power of resistance of the Republic in case of a military conflict.

The impartial observer would probably object that, in case of an artificial break-up of the economic body of Czechoslovakia into two camps, the loss will be double-edged.

And taking it for granted that the Bohemian capitalists are just as altruistic as their comrades in arms anywhere on the globe, the question crops up: Can Henlein offer them anything in exchange?

Well, in that conference a confidential statement was handed round assuring the delegates that the Henlein Party can be regarded as an authorised representative of a foreign Power fully able to pay and to conclude commercial treaties. In that sentence lies the explanation of the whole scheme.

Should the German industrialists and bankers in Czechoslovakia comply with the demands of Henlein, the Third Reich will safeguard their special interests when about to conclude one of their current trade agreements with Prague. Thus probably the Reich Minister of Finance will insist on the preference of goods produced by the German minority to those produced by the Czechs for import to Germany. That would not only compensate the Bohemian industrialists for their efforts to disintegrate the Czechoslovakian industry, but would also help to build up a "Greater Germany," if only in the economic sense, right across all political frontiers.

Naturally not all Bohemian financiers agree to this scheme, partly because they doubt whether such an arrangement with the Third Reich would prove more lucrative than the already existing connections with the Czech national economy; partly also because they least of all are inclined to further the advance of the Third Reich; the fate of those German financiers who have helped Hitler must still be fresh in their memory.

But the importance of this conference must not be overlooked, since Germany has a favourable precedent to quote, where she has kept her word in similar circumstances. During the Ruhr occupation, when she organised the passive resistance of the Ruhr industrialists, she paid up all the losses they incurred during that process.

So much for the economic side. The other weapon employed by the Reich against Prague is more subtle; the morale of the people must be undermined by a constant supply of faked rumours. This sort of policy has been aptly described as "whisper-propaganda." An example of it is in the following lines known to every schoolboy in the Sudetenland:

> In March, the Führer makes jests;
> In April, he does what pleases him,
> In May, he takes Bohemia, and in June,
> Prague is just as German as Vienna.

At first these whispers from house to house and from village to village were scarcely noticed; it was known that they existed, but no one took them seriously. But when people began to take them seriously, and recognised their epidemic character, they had already done their work, creeping through the valleys of the Sudeten mountains, poisoning the minds and warping the judgment of young and old.

A foreign visitor to a mountain place in North Bohemia, without the uniform of a Henlein disciple, is soon given a wide berth. He is either "ein Geheimer" (a member of the secret police), or "one of those over there" (meaning from Germany).

In Dettersbach, a small place immediately by the German frontier, it began quite harmlessly. "You know, sir, we must be very careful; here in this place we have actually eighteen Geheime." Naturally I grew curious, and was interested to know where this company of eighteen secret service men lived, and what they were doing in such a small place. But in spite of all my efforts, nothing could be discovered. The only clue was a woman who affirmed she had seen them the previous day, in the high street. I told the Dettersbach people that they had probably found a mare's

nest, for in a place of that size even a mouse could hardly change its hole without being noticed. But I might have saved my breath. They probably still believe in their eighteen "Geheime," those Dettersbachers. Not far from here is Bernsdorf, a place to which my attention had been specially drawn. In this place, I was told, the Moscow Soviet had made their first attack on the Sudeten German property. Now, what had happened? A Czechoslovak factory had bought the plant of an idle Bernsdorf machine factory, and had it taken away. The employee entrusted with the buying was called Steltzig. As it happens there is a man of the same name in the management of a Reichenberg co-operative society. It was very easy to prove that the two were not identical. But rumours were spread that the Third International, with the help of Russian money, had bought the factory through the co-operative society, for the purpose of making it idle and increasing unemployment in the Sudeten district. The Bernsdorf factory was the beginning of this campaign, it was said. It is astonishing to see how people believe in such obvious nonsense, and how they relate it in all seriousness. Finally comes the old story that one hears in every town and village, only with varying dates—the announcement of the certain entry of the Reich troops.

But people are not everywhere so convinced about "Adolf" coming to their help. Thus in Friedland, sixteen miles away from the frontier, I found that the workers of a paper factory, though members of the Henlein Party, think it useful to remain in the local Trade Union, in case Adolf should get stuck on the way. They call it, of course, rather contemptuously, the "Czechverein" (Czech-Union), after the former chairman of the German Social Democrat Party, Dr. Czech; but they are nevertheless at pains to retain the membership card of this union. In general it seems that the loud tone and the showiness are not always quite genuine. The people there are in a regrettable situation. In order to act and think freely it is necessary for them to overcome their fear of the local Henlein official. For should Hitler come, this official will have the final say with regard to the life and property of everyone in his locality. The "whisper-propaganda" has caused these people to see the shadow of the German army behind every Henlein functionary.

It is astonishing how much many a harmless-looking citizen knows of military technique; the most difficult strategic problem is solved by a Henlein man from Reichenau in the twinkling of an eye. He knows all about aircraft-carrying capacity and speed, is even well informed about air-sickness. Every hairdresser who thinks anything of himself can calculate exactly how long this or that bomber will take to reduce the Czech barracks to débris. The Czechoslovak frontier fortifications will be divided into potato patches.

That there is no hesitation in making use of employees of industrial trusts for the purposes of whispering propaganda is seen from the experience of a Western European industrialist. This man, who has also shares in a Czechoslovakian enterprise, visited an industrial trust where a leading employee told him that a certain great industrialist had fled abroad with all his available property. In this case, however, the story was short-lived, for a simple telephone call to the man named exposed the swindle.

A LONDON DIARY

AFTER Mr. Chamberlain's refusal to take any action to protect British ships unloading in Spanish harbours, no one ought to cherish any illusions about his policy. The British Government's main reason for retreating in Spain is not that it is afraid of war arising out of the Spanish situation; it is not muddled, or inadequately armed. The risks of world-war grow daily and may soon be so great that there will really be nothing that can be done. But that is not yet the case about British shipping in Spain. Mr. Chamberlain's policy is the Four-Power Pact, and that can only follow the defeat of the Spanish Government, the victory of reaction in France, and the clinching of the Italian-British agreement. Determination to pursue this policy outweighed the effect of new reports from British observers in Spain that Franco's territory is now being almost wholly run by Germany and Italy who, so far from intending to clear out after the war, are engaged in consolidating strong strategic positions in Spain. Among the arguments for inaction privately advanced, I understand that the interests of British trade with Franco counted for a good deal. The Rio Tinto mines are a particularly valuable hostage in Franco's hands. Rather than damage these vested interests, Britain is prepared to overlook the bombing of British sailors. One remembers in contrast the report at the beginning of the war that the Spanish Government proposed to hold up the oil supplies in British ships on their way to Franco and that the British Government promptly threatened naval action. The immediate repercussions of Mr. Chamberlain's speech are altogether deplorable; the initiative which looked like returning to the democratic Powers after their intervention in Czechoslovakia has been lost and all the smaller powers are reassured in their view that the British Government is steadily pursuing a pro-Fascist policy. A foreign diplomat told me the other day that he was "shocked." I replied that it was time that he understood that class interests sometimes triumphed over national interests. He replied, "Perhaps you are right. I never thought of that." Yet the fact is clear enough. Flandin's recent speech in France in which he defended Franco for bombing British ships and inveighed against all "Reds" suggests that he would prefer, as it is said in Paris, that Hitler should rule in France rather than that the French working class should be in charge. I believe that similar views are held by some reactionaries in London. One thing that seems to me to follow from the Spanish story is that nobody who has either patriotic or Socialist principles ought to be led away into supporting a capitalist Government when the time comes when its own interests are challenged and it wants us again to go to war for King and Country.

* * *

I have just had an interesting talk with Lord Londonderry, who complains about the reference to him in last week's issue of this journal. Apparently he spends quite a lot of his time trying to remove the impression that he was determined at the Disarmament Conference "to retain bombing for bombing's sake while paying lip service to the principle of abolition." The *Times* and the *News Chronicle* have both published his explanations. The actual words which he used in the House of Lords on May 22nd, 1935, were:

> I had the utmost difficulty at that time, amid the public outcry, in preserving the use of the bombing aeroplane, even on the frontiers of the Middle East and India, where it is only owing to the presence of the Air Forces that we have controlled these territories without the old and heavy cost of blood and treasure.

He admits that this phraseology was unfortunate, but explains that Britain never opposed the principle of abolition at Geneva and was even willing to include police bombing if other nations would do the same. But he regarded such a proposal as Utopian and was anxious to maintain the nucleus of the R.A.F. and argued for the retention of two squadrons of police bombers because they were useful "both on grounds of humanity and economy," and their retention would least interfere with a general agreement about aviation in Europe. Those who want to follow the point up can see what he has to say about it in his recent book, *Ourselves and Germany*, pages 56–58. In truth the controversy does not really turn on Lord Londonderry's unfortunate phraseology. Those who watched most closely those disastrous disarmament discussions at Geneva have declared that Britain was of all countries the most obstructive in the matter of air disarmament. But the simple fact is that disarmament could never have been carried out by people like Lord Londonderry (who makes it clear in his book that he regarded the whole thing as a lot of nonsense which had to be got out of the way to satisfy public opinion) while they were in fact by training and affiliation the representatives of a

ruling class which never for a moment understood or took seriously the ideas embodied in the Covenant of the League.

* * *

Some months ago I told John Strachey of a letter I had received from my friend Sally in the Midlands. Sally complained that there was no simple, up-to-date and cheap pamphlet that you could give to a voter who wanted to know what Socialism was all about. Thousands of people to-day are discontented with the existing order, but sceptical of Party promises and ignorant of the constructive Socialist case. With commendable promptitude Strachey has filled the gap with a 96-page pamphlet on *Why You Should be a Socialist*, published by Gollancz for the astonishingly small sum of 2*d*. I expect it to be distributed by the hundred thousand. It begins at the right place—the pay envelope—and states with the most excellent lucidity the theory and programme of Socialism. My only doubts were whether it is not a trifle long for its purpose and whether Strachey was wise to state the Marxist theory of value in such a highly controversial form. Every worker will agree about "surplus value," but all sorts of doubt will be raised by the theory as Strachey puts it. However, I may soon have some first-hand information about the effects of the pamphlet: for Sally, to whom I sent a copy, has had the excellent notion (which I hope will appeal to other Sallies) of buying half a dozen copies for the purposes of experiment on selected non-political people. She writes:

> So many young people and semi-young take the attitude that "all parties are alike, therefore let us eat, drink and be merry, etc." Or with the piously minded, "All things are in God's hands. He will see us through, in the meantime we have to be loving, unselfish and help the bottom-dog." That is to say, the Lord will do away with malaria without our liquidating the mosquito.

So Sally has given copies to a gardener, an out-of-work employee and a hairdresser and promises to let me know their reactions.

* * *

A fortnight ago I referred to the odd fact that supplies of German arms had reached the Spanish Government. This report is now confirmed by a friend who has just seen a German gun in use on the Lerida front, and a correspondent in Berlin sends the information that General Franco has complained of capturing weapons of German manufacture during his advance and that the German Government is conducting an inquiry into the selling of German arms to those whom it calls the "Reds" in Spain. The current explanation in Berlin is that the arms racket is still its old self, even under Fascism, and that buyers have transferred shipments through neutral countries to Barcelona. One buyer who recently came to Berlin, apparently with orders for arms from the Greek Government, was found to have forged them.

* * *

Science and Society (address Bush House, W.C.2) is an original type of journal, each issue of which is devoted to discussing some special topic from a variety of scientific angles. Its June issue on Freedom contains some very interesting material. It quotes incidentally a curious example of Science in Nazi Germany.

PUBLIC NOTICE:

Town of Koenigsdorf. For regulating maintenance of the community bull and for preventing danger of epidemic, it is decreed:—

1. Cows and oxen directly or indirectly purchased from Jews are excluded from intercourse with the community bull.
2. Cows and oxen that have been stabled with cattle purchased from Jews must be placed under observation for one year. During the period they are excluded from intercourse with the community bull.

Koenigsdorf, September 28, 1935.
The Mayor of the town of Koenigsdorf.

* * *

I want particularly to recommend another new publication, the first issue of which has just appeared. *Empire* is a monthly record and commentary dealing with events in the West Indies, India, Africa and elsewhere—events which in the confusion and violence of world politics we are apt to overlook. It is a small paper, only costing 3*d*., but it is expert, responsible and readable. I agree with the Editor that Labour advocates are often so afraid of the anti-Socialist gibe about "giving our colonies away" that they maintain for the most part a discreet silence about the facts and the meaning of Empire.

* * *

A Czech put his country's dilemma to me like this. "We don't want," he said, "to be the cause of another world war; we don't want to be another Belgium; we don't want to be another Spain. We might easily be any of these. But one thing is certain. We shall not be another Austria." That about sums it up.

* * *

Ever since the Archbishop of Canterbury and his associates announced that King George V was to be commemorated by the demolition of a particularly handsome house, conspicuously placed opposite the Victoria Tower, I have done my best to ridicule this preposterous project. It seemed a hopeless struggle, and I was assured that it was too late to alter the plans. But now the Archbishop's committee has given way, and a perfectly innocuous scheme has been substituted. I am also assured that the plan for wrecking Bedford Square has been abandoned. The Georgian Group deserves credit for these successes, and I think we have proved that the Philistines, if subjected to frontal attack, can sometimes be driven back in disorder. The difficulty is to discover such nefarious schemes before it is too late, and I hope that everyone who gets to hear of any proposed vandalisms, will at once give me, or the Georgian Group, the necessary facts.

* * *

News from the economic front. According to one school of thought we are now experiencing a major intermediate recession in a major cyclical recovery, but this view is opposed by those who argue that it is a minor intermediate recession in a major cyclical recovery. More pessimistic are the people who dispute whether it is a major or a minor intermediate recession in a minor cyclical recovery, and those who plump for a minor intermediate recession in a minor cyclical depression are outbid by those who insist that it is a major intermediate recession in a minor cyclical depression. The realists ask us to face the fact that it is a minor intermediate recession in a major cyclical depression and the Cassandras go all out for a major intermediate recession in a major cyclical depression. The truth can probably be summed up in Calvin Coolidge's dictum that when a large number of people are out of work a state of unemployment can be said to exist. CRITIC.

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Leonard B. Bacon.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

The suggestion that "discarnate rebellious spirits" might be responsible for the untimely visitations which affect agriculture was made by the Bishop of Ely, Dr. B. O. F. Heywood, in his address to the diocesan conference here to-day.

In an allusion to the May frosts which did a good deal of harm to fruit trees in parts of the diocese, the Bishop said: "Discarnate rebellious spirits may have some temporary and limited power to exercise evil influences in the realm of nature as they apparently have in the realm of humanity.

"In endorsing disbelief in angels and demons the members of the Doctrinal Commission seemed to me to be showing a certain lack of imagination and to be creating rather than solving problems."—*Daily Telegraph.*

The truth is that no country in Europe but our own can conceive it possible that action can be dictated by purely moral motives, entirely regardless of self-interest, and the sooner we recognise that we are the only country in Europe with a conscience the better. . . . We must recognise that our moral standpoint is beyond the comprehension of other European countries. . . . —Letter in the *Times*.

At first it was feared that the British Government would find means of putting pressure on General Franco to restrict the use of his air force in such a way as would lessen his chances of winning the war rapidly; but Mr. Chamberlain's decision not to give up his holiday, and Sir Thomas Inskip's remarks yesterday, are held to suggest that the Cabinet has not been able to devise any practical means of restraining General Franco without abandoning the principle of non-intervention.—*Times.*

Sir Thomas paid tribute to Germany for the part she played in the recent crisis over Czechoslovakia, and said that similar qualities of statesmanship would have to be shown in the weeks that were before us.—*Sunday Times.*

"You know it is difficult to provoke the British nation," added Sir Thomas. "All I can say is that anybody who is inclined to try had better not."—Sir Thomas Inskip reported in *Manchester Guardian.*

Two dogs are lying in an undertaker's chapel in Plymouth in specially prepared shrouds. They are "Insect" and "Bi[illegible]ie," the pet pomeranians of Mrs. ——, who died suddenly on Friday. The dogs were painlessly destroyed by a veterinary surgeon yesterday in accordance with an expressed wish of Mrs. —— that her pets should be buried with her.—*S. Referee.*

SOUTH AFRICAN POLITICS

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT IN SOUTH AFRICA]

AMONG the eight hundred thousand voters in the recent General Election in South Africa there was a solitary Native, an aged Zulu, whose right to take part in the white man's circus had survived through a freak of pre-Union Natal legislation. Interviewed at the polling-booth he is said to have expressed the wish that the result would be to make the two races better friends. He meant the Afrikaners and the British. In this election there was no "Native question." With singular complacency white South Africans of every shade of political opinion regard that question as "settled." Three great Acts of the last Parliament gave some indirect representation to Natives, provided a niggardly amount of land for them—just enough to allay their land hunger and throw a sop to the segregationists, not enough to prevent them having to work most of the year on farms and in the mines—and provided for the closer regulation of their urban lives. Nobody so much as mentioned the future of the Bantu Protectorates. Being a Native question, it is out of "politics"; it would spoil the sport which consists in pretending to be a great European Power.

The real issue before the country was the continuance of political co-operation between the two main groups of Europeans, which had received so auspicious a start in the remarkable election of 1933. The coalition of the two former parties led respectively by Hertzog and Smuts was attended by a certain amount of trickery. Would the country renew the mandate of the new United Party, when it was obvious that the Hertzog faction had been effectively tamed by the wily Smuts? The result is for the moment decisive. Prosperity allied with fear has triumphed over the old "racial" differences and the Fusion Government goes back with a huge majority.

The United Party promised nothing and gave no hint of what it intended to legislate about if elected. Its appeal was entirely rhetorical. It demanded gratitude for past favours, i.e., for having been fortuitously associated with the country's present prosperity (which, at the bidding of rival vested interests, it has done its muddle-headed best to destroy). Appealing ostensibly to the high principle of racial harmony it in fact put itself across by evoking a widespread response of fear, especially among English-speaking electors and Jews. As an election bogy the menace of Dr. Malan's "purified" Nationalist Party was extremely well stage-managed. With the one exception of the *Natal Mercury*, the entire English press toed the United Party line, inflaming the public mind to the pitch of frenzied panic. One of the best boomerang effects I have ever seen occurred as the result of a Nationalist poster showing a male Native of repulsive aspect lording it over his "poor white" wife and half-breed children (one white and one khaki). The hullabaloo was terrific and out of all proportion to the question of mixed marriages which the Nationalists were making an election issue. No male Native has married a white woman for six years; in the Transvaal and the Free State such marriages have always been illegal. The Malanites were forced into the position of having mortally insulted the white women of South Africa and they paid dearly for their blunder.

In the towns the English-speaking section and the Jews represented the Nationalists as a Nazi party pure and simple. Nor were they far wrong. In an armed world republicanism will not wash, and nobody believes that Dr. Malan would be so foolish as to leave the country defenceless by spurning the British connection or bankrupt by seriously interfering with the gold-mining industry. His aims are essentially domestic, to make a Calvinistic, culturally-totalitarian Afrikaner nation, in which the most numerous "race" would make it hot for all the rest. The declared policy, the implicit philosophy and the overt behaviour of the Nationalists are purely Fascist. Anti-British, anti-Jew, anti-Native, anti-Liberal, anti-Capitalist and anti-Communist—they have all the Nazi bag of tricks except anti-Christianity. (But their God is an Afrikaner and damns the non-elect to everlasting hell, so it comes to much the same in the long run.) On the Rand election violence was widespread. Even more significant than attempts to break up meetings, in which much blood was shed, was the first authentic occurrence of Jew-baiting. In a Johannesburg slum crowds of youthful hooligans went about looking for individual Jews on the streets or in cars, beating them up, stoning them and smashing their cars. A sixth of the city's population are Jews. Their alarm and their influence helped the United Party to sweep the Rand.

The Labour Party went under in the general panic. It was always merely artisanocratic. But the Trade Unions, spoon-fed, protected and nursery-disciplined by the Government, get all they want from the United Party—at least while the present prosperity lasts. The party leaders desperately tried to claim that only Labour could protect the nation from Nazism, but covered themselves with ridicule in the attempt. Labour has only three seats and about 5 per cent. of the total votes cast. The Dominion Party, more than ever a lost cause, profited temporarily by the panic of the English in Natal, while naturally losing ground elsewhere to the big battalions of the Fusionists. It has eight seats, 7 per cent. of the total votes cast and about a sixth of the total English-speaking vote in the Union.

Has the election in fact, as the aged Zulu magnanimously hoped, shown the two white races better friends? The Nationalists have 27 seats (a gain of seven) and 30 per cent. of the total votes cast, as against the United Party's 111 seats and 54 per cent. of the votes. Simple calculations prove that nearly a half of the Afrikaans-speaking population voted Nationalist. Nearly thirty years of Union have reconciled five-sixths of the British to racial co-operation, but only half the Afrikaners. The trouble is only partly due to language and culture differences and memories of the Anglo-Boer War (now widely called the War of Independence). Put crudely the division is between the haves and the have-nots, including in the latter well-to-do farmers jealous of the prosperity of the towns and professional men competing for the luxurious appointments of Johannesburg.

What of the future? A Nationalist victory is impossible unless they make very much greater headway in the towns, which are still growing rapidly and will soon contain two-thirds of the population. This year a large part of the Afrikaans-speaking people of the towns voted United Party and Labour. Given continuing prosperity and reasonable opportunities for the ex-plattelander to rise in the economic scale, the position is fairly secure. But here anti-Semitism plays its enigmatic and disgusting role. To aid the Nationalist the myth of Jewish predominance in industry, commerce and

the professions is being sedulously cultivated. It may well be that the fight against anti-Semitism is critical for the future of South Africa. If the Jews, who constitute the comparatively high proportion of 5 per cent. of the white population, can be represented as the enemies of the aspiring urban Afrikaner, then the towns, with their increasing Afrikaner complexion and low English birth-rate, must go steadily Nationalist. In this generation a mass movement with a programme of more liberal treatment for the natives is unthinkable. It would even be strategically foolish to rally minority liberal and socialist opinion to fight for the Native. First it must be mobilised to defeat Nazi Nationalism in the towns, for, if the latter prevails, the Natives will be ten times worse off than they are at present.

Anti-Semitism, in Bebel's phrase, is the " Socialism of the fools." The main task before the democratic forces of South Africa is to show the have-nots who their real enemies are. The Labour Party is of little use in this connection. While the United Party remains united, it will naturally be regarded as the main bulwark against Fascism. If Socialism is to grow in this country, it can only come from a kind of Fabian movement which will be prepared to work through the United Party as well as the Trade Unions. The extraordinary economic and class diversity of the tiny white urban population, in a country where nearly all the unskilled workers are non-Europeans, does not lend itself to mass movements. But the influence of professional workers and the more highly educated sections of the people is correspondingly greater. Marxist ideas have no relevance to Africa, although the insignificant Left, living in a dream world six thousand miles away, still thinks in terms of salvation through the white working-class. At the present time a mass Socialist party is out of the question. But the dissemination of economic and anti-capitalist propaganda is not only possible, but an urgent necessity in the struggle against anti-Semitic Fascism.

FIENDS

THOSE who believe that the right to throw litter is one of those things that were wrung from King John by the Barons at the time of Magna Carta must have read with sincere gratification the report of the Oxford Preservation Trust on litter-throwing on the Cherwell. Litter-throwing, it is to be feared, has lately been on the decrease in many parts of England owing to the activities of a number of busybodies. In Oxford, however, true to its reputation as the champion of dying causes, not only is there no sign of a decrease of the time-honoured practice, but litter is being thrown more liberally than ever. Many people have derided Oxford as an ultra-modern industrial city, but there is nothing ultra-modern about Oxford's disposal of its litter. In this matter at least, Oxford still lives in the age of William of Wykeham who is reported to have made one extremely wise remark: " Manners makyth man, and man makyth litter." It is said that in the age of William of Wykeham there was not a single receptacle for litter in all the parks and forests of England. If you had anything you wanted to get rid of, from an old shoe to an empty bottle, you threw it where it suited you. This has been a characteristic of all the most picturesque ages.

Oxford, to judge by the latest reports, is doing all in its power to remain picturesque. " The banks of the Cherwell and the river itself," says the report of the Trust, " are being made during the summer months most unsightly by the litter discarded by thoughtless people." The use of the word " unsightly " will be thought by some people to show bias on the part of those who drew up the report. May it not be mere prejudice that leads learned men to consider a yellow cigarette-packet floating on the water unsightly? If it were a natural object—especially, if it were a rare natural object—would they not flock to see it, following its passage down the stream eagerly through field-glasses? I know a man who contends that a yellow cigarette-packet is as beautiful in its own way as a yellow water-lily. I have myself seen litter that entranced me. Walking above the sands at Margate one evening towards sunset, I looked out over the sea and beheld a spectacle such as would have gladdened the heart of a poet. Thousands upon thousands of sea-gulls were floating on the water, all the white in them shining as though they were gannets in the level light of the sun. " I have never seen so many gulls in my life," I said to the friend who was with me. " Such masses of them! How lovely they look in that lovely light! " " Those aren't sea-gulls," said my friend, " those are newspapers and sandwich-wrappings carried out by the tide." I looked again, realised the truth, and an enchanting vision was turned into ugliness. Would it not have been more reasonable on my part to reply: " If those are floating newspapers and sandwich-wrappings, then floating newspapers and sandwich-wrappings are beautiful."

I have not seen the Cherwell lately, but, after reading the report, I should like to see it again and compare it with the ebb-tide at Margate at sunset. Picnickers—human beings at their happiest—seem to be the chief contributors to its amenities, or, as the report puts it, " are the great offenders." " There are some who seem to think that a flowing stream is an automatic disposer of rubbish. The sodden mess of cartons of paper stranded in bends and bays of the stream are evidence to the contrary. There are others who seem to think that tins and bottles may be readily disposed of by pitching them into the stream. They take no heed of the many septic cuts inflicted on bathers by broken glass and jagged metal that are the ugly consequences of their action." Well, picnickers cannot be expected to think of everything. They do exactly what their ancestors have done for hundreds of years—cast their rubbish into the lap of Mother Nature. " An Englishman's home is his castle," is a saying that is eloquent of the love of liberty that has always animated the English race. There ought, I think, to be another proverb, equally expressive of this love of liberty: " An Englishman's country is his rubbish-dump." Times are changing, however, and it may be that the litter problem is changing with them. After all, there were never in any past age so many bottles, fruit-tins, cigarette-packets, banana-skins, chocolate-wrappings, and sheets of paper in the world as there are at present. The Englishman of the Middle Ages must have had an extraordinarily small number of things to throw away when enjoying a day in the open. He did not smoke; he had no newspapers; and the art of tinning sardines had not yet been invented. I do not know whether glass bottles were in use, but, even if they were, they must have been so few that a general ejectment of them all would have made very little difference to the English landscape. To-day, however, life is bottled and tinned and packeted and parcelled to such an extent that 50 per cent. of the stuff every picnicker carries about with him is sheer refuse. It is no longer a question of getting rid of a few apple-peelings and grape-skins. The modern Englishman has to find some place to leave such large and long-lived things as ginger-beer bottles and petrol cans. He is often criticised for his method of disposing of them; but there is at least this to be said in his favour, that he shows a marvellous sense of beauty in choosing the places where he deposits his cans and his bottles. The lovely heart of a wood, the quiet of a green lane, the willow-reflecting river—such are the places in which he makes offerings of his leavings to Nature. He could scarcely be more particular if he were choosing a site for the grave of a pet dog.

Reflecting on all this, I could not help thinking that the *Times* was guilty of a momentary loss of balance the other day when it referred to litter-throwers as litter-fiends. A fiend, according to the dictionary, is " the devil; evil spirit, demon; person of superhuman wickedness, esp. cruelty." The dictionary adds that the word is often jocular as in " interviewer-fiend." But the *Times* was obviously not being jocular; therefore it must have meant that the litter-thrower is a devil, an evil spirit, or a person of superhuman wickedness, esp. cruelty. The first two meanings I think we may rule out. It is clearly the charge of being a person of superhuman

wickedness that the litter-thrower must answer. Now it seems to me that, to be a person of superhuman wickedness, one must have a supremely evil motive. I should call a litter-thrower a fiend if he left broken bottles about for the joy of thinking that bathers would afterwards cut their feet on them and have to get their septic wounds dressed by the doctor. I should even call him a fiend if, as he threw his empty cigarette-packets and banana-skins about the forest, he said to himself: "This will spoil the pleasure of some of those beauty-maniacs, blast them!" He is not a person of that kind at all, however. He is simply an ordinary cheerful selfish human being, disposing of rubbish in the natural way. He has no venom against the landscape or against those fussy people who like to see a river-bank kept as free from rubbish as their own garden. He is honestly convinced that public places are intended for the use of the public, and he makes use of them for getting rid of superfluities such as walnut-shells and empty bottles. Admittedly, he spoils other people's pleasure, but he does it unwittingly and without malice, like the drunken motorist who runs down a pedestrian.

In time, it may be, he will learn better. I already know a number of ex-litter-throwers who, persuaded that new times call for new measures, carefully pack up all wrappings in the picnic basket before returning home. One of my dearest friends is an enthusiastic advocate of litter-throwing, but even he has no longer the courage to throw egg-shells on the grass or cellophane on the wayside. He complains bitterly that he is being mechanised, and declares, as he puts the empty bottles into the car instead of throwing them into the river, that he is no better than a Robot. He regards the anti-litter crusade—(he gnashes his teeth at the use of the word "crusade")—as a new and tyrannous form of Puritanism devised by an atheistic age. I cannot help thinking that he exaggerates. After all, it is this modern litter that is the mechanised stuff. Bottles, tins, and paper, it is all the product of factories; and he, as a lover of the Middle Ages, should be the last man on earth to advocate its general dispersal over the face of the countryside. I cannot myself see how it circumscribes a man's liberty to be forbidden to throw litter any more than to be forbidden to go about unshaved. Those of us who in early life submitted reluctantly to the tyranny of the daily razor now actually feel freer after our compulsory morning shave. Unshaved, we should go to work, feeling like members of an inferior race. In the same way, in abandoning the medieval practice of litter-throwing, we may find that, instead of becoming mechanised, we have attained a new and delicious sense of freedom. Anyhow the Cherwell will look prettier. Except, perhaps, at sunset to a man with not very good sight. Y. Y.

THE MATRIMONIAL MUDDLE

A SHORT time ago, in a "Domestic Court" in the provinces, I appeared for a wife who was applying for a separation order on the ground of persistent cruelty. Three times during the six months preceding the application the husband had blackened his wife's eyes as well as inflicting other injuries. In each case she had seen a doctor, who had given her a certificate as to her injuries. She swore, without contradiction, that shortly before the birth of her child her husband had repeatedly punched her in the stomach. There was corroboration of the woman's statements, and they were not denied by the husband, who confined himself to blaming his wife's relations and saying that he wanted her to return to him. The justices, notwithstanding a strong protest, adjourned the case for the probation officer to make an attempt to reconcile the parties. The High Court laid down in the case of *Dawson v. Dawson* in 1929 that it was the duty of magistrates to enforce the legal right of an applicant who had proved her case, but the justices refused to follow this decision, and the wife was without means to appeal. As we were leaving the court she asked me, in a terrified way, "They can't make me go back to him, can they?"

In another case in which I was concerned a woman had been brutally ill-used, and her child had died soon after birth following an assault upon her when in a very advanced state of pregnancy. The court apparently thought this a suitable case for conciliation, and asked the woman whether she was not willing to return to her husband. She replied that she would sooner starve. In yet another case reconciliation was attempted where a man had tied his wife in a chair and emptied the contents of a chamber pot over her.

The cases I have quoted are not isolated instances, but typical of many. They originate in a misunderstanding by the justices of the Summary Procedure (Domestic Proceedings) Act, 1937, which was passed as a result of the Report of the Departmental Committee on Social Services in the Courts of Summary Jurisdiction, presented in 1936. The Home Office, in a circular which has been as much misunderstood as the Act itself, specifically called the attention of the magistrates to the opinion of the Committee, with regard to the parties to applications, that: "More harm may be done by ill-judged efforts to keep them together than by separating them." Notwithstanding this, it is the practice of some benches to make attempts at reconciliation in nearly every case that comes before them. I have heard a Chairman say, "We are not here to make separation orders, but to bring the parties together." This is the exact opposite of the truth. Their duty, as laid down by the High Court, is to make orders in favour of any applicant who proves his or her case, and the Home Office has expressed the opinion, which indeed ought not to need expression, that a magistrate who takes part in conciliation work should do so in a private capacity, and play no further part in any judicial proceedings. The plain intention, both of the Act itself, and of the Committee's Report, is that conciliation should be undertaken by the probation officer, not the justices. The usual result of justices attempting conciliation is that they hear many statements not on oath, and which would not be admissible as evidence even on oath, and that they become prejudiced in favour of one or other of the parties, usually the guilty one. Women magistrates, in particular, incline to favour the man, especially if young and good-looking, who whines that he loves his wife and wants her to come back to him, as against a woman who is as vindictive as any person who, after months or years of bullying and repression, at last has her chance to speak, is likely to be.

The common practice of adjourning applications, sometimes part heard, sometimes before hearing, works hardship. It is usually done for the purpose of attempted conciliation, but the average bench forgets that the man concerned, and not seldom also the woman, commonly loses a day's wages by attending the court. Adjournments also add to the difficulty and expense of obtaining legal aid, and, as I have tried to show, the suspense of waiting often has a bad effect upon the health of a woman whose nerves are usually already in a bad state. I have known a court adjourn every application before it, notwithstanding protests in several of the cases, and in flat contradiction of the recommendation of the Departmental Committee on p. 12 of their Report: "Conciliation should not be applied as a matter of routine, but only after careful consideration of the circumstances."

With regard to the hearing itself it is probable that the comparative privacy is an advantage, although it leads to an increase in perjury. Some courts, however, forget the dignity which is necessary in judicial proceedings and encourage an atmosphere of undue familiarity. Working men and women are treated as children who do not know their own minds, and this is much resented, although not openly. The restriction of the bench to three justices is sometimes forgotten. I have myself appeared before benches of four and five. To take objection would mean the retirement of the junior member or members, an undesirable result. It is probable that the majority of courts take matrimonial work at the end of their ordinary work or after the sitting of a juvenile court; but where a separate court is held for domestic proceedings

hardship is sometimes caused by infrequent sittings. In one busy court where it used to be possible to apply on three days a week the domestic court now sits once a fortnight. This often causes hardship to a deserted woman, who has to go to the Public Assistance office for support while awaiting a hearing.

It is urgently necessary, in view of the great importance of these applications for separation orders, and the fact that they may now be used as evidence on petitions for divorce, that there should be a cheaper and better method of appeal from the decisions of the magistrates. At present the only appeal is to the Divorce division of the High Court, an expensive matter and utterly out of the reach of the great majority, and the appeal is decided on the magistrates' clerk's notes of evidence. This question of appeal was always important, but has become more so since the recent Act, which has caused the hearing of these applications in some courts to degenerate into an informal go-as-you-please inquiry in which the justices ask questions of persons who are not sworn and treat the answers as evidence. Section 6 of the Act, enabling the court to ascertain from a party what are the matters on which a witness may be able to depose or ought to be cross-examined, has added to the confusion of the justices. They often take the suggested points as evidence given by the party, and for the court to ask questions always involves the risk that the examiner may take sides against the person questioned. Any advocate in the County Court, or even the High Court, is pleased for the judge to take over his case from him, and with lay magistrates very little makes them take sides.

The danger of circulars from the Home Office is that many magistrates believe these circulars to be binding upon them. The circulars in connection with the Domestic Courts are unobjectionable in detail, but the general tendency is to suggest that orders should not be made if this can be avoided. That is contrary to the plain intention of the Acts that relief shall be given to an applicant who proves his or her case. The Act sponsored by Mr. Herbert with regard to divorce and the Act dealt with in this article have introduced some excellent principles, but they have thrown the whole law and practice in matrimonial cases into confusion. To name one instance only, the question of maintenance in Poor Persons' Divorce does not seem to have been considered in practice. Further consideration of the whole position by Parliament, followed by legislation, is necessary. SOLICITOR

Correspondence

BOMBED BRITISH SHIPS

SIR,—One of the most curious results of Franco's bombing of British ships is the discovery by the Government press that profit-seeking is to be condemned. One had always understood that the prime virtue of private enterprise was its enterprise. But no! The bombed ships, it appears, are the property of grasping owners on the make and manned by tars anxious to "get rich quick" while the going's good. If their harvest be bombs, they cannot complain, nor need we waste sympathy on them.

This condemnation of the profit-motive is surely interesting. Does it also apply, one wonders, to those ships which run to ports under Franco control? Does it apply to ships still trading with China? Does it apply to all neutral trading in war-time? Or is one harbouring an unworthy suspicion if one wonders if it is whom you are trading with that really counts?

26 Norham Road, J. B. BROWN
Oxford.

JAPAN AND CHINA

SIR,—As one of the white population of Hong Kong, who, according to your article of April 16th, should be evacuated, I receive my copy of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION five weeks late and, therefore, must apologise for the delay in taking up the issue you raised.

But the situation has not altered either for Great Britain or China. For nearly a hundred years we have only been concerned with making profits out of the Chinese. We have built enormous banks and offices—in what is known as the compradore style of architecture out here—hotels, houses, roads, etc., all for the convenience of the European population; we are now busy building military roads, trenches and machine-gun emplacements, but housing, medical services and education for the Chinese are at an appallingly low level and the wages and conditions of the Chinese coolie as bad as anything that can be found in the British Empire.

Since the Japanese aggression the situation has changed; probably for the first time in our long association with China we are being of real use to the Chinese people. Every week thousands of refugees pour into this colony—Shanghai, Canton, Amoy, Swatow—the destitute, the valuable political worker as well as the rich merchant only concerned with saving his skin. It is true that the Government out of its swollen revenues has not yet decided to what extent it shall provide accommodation and food for these refugees, but no barriers have been put up against them. The China Information Service has moved from Shanghai to Hong Kong, the *Pacific Digest*, *The People's Tribune*, the *Shun Pao* are all published here. The air services of Europe, India, the States and China meet in Hong Kong, making it possible for technicians, doctors, journalists, diplomats to make their way freely into China, some of whom we hope will be of service. A walk along the Kowloon-Canton railway, or round the harbour will show masses of war material awaiting transport.

In the three months since I arrived medical supplies from Canada, the United States, New Zealand, Java and Great Britain have been received. This is the centre for the organisation and distribution of supplies from the Chinese abroad and the foreign organisations assisting China. I have recently had experience of the value of this particular work which can be done in Hong Kong through the formation of the China Defence League.

Mr. T. V. Soong as the President of the League will be able to facilitate contact with the guerilla troops of the North-West who are in such desperate need; Madame Sun Yat Sen, the Chairman, has contact with all the groups in China; Mr. N. H. France, of Hong Kong University, is the Treasurer.

I certainly do not wish to see Great Britain plunged into "the final horrors of a general war" to maintain Hong Kong, but neither do I wish to see Hong Kong handed over to the Japanese and thereby the bottling up of South China from the point of view of personnel, war materials, food and medical supplies. Neither do I wish to be bombed, but I cannot contemplate with equanimity the annihilation of the Chinese in Hong Kong which would certainly result from the evacuation of the white population.

I do not know the solution, but while we are here I would ask for the support of the readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION for the Chinese Defence League. We are maintaining close contact with the China Campaign Committee, of 34 Victoria Street, S.W.1. HILDA SELWYN-CLARKE

Secretary, China Defence League,
c/o Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank,
Hong Kong.

CONDITIONS IN JAMAICA

SIR,—In 1925 I went to Jamaica for a year and while there visited a large sugar estate high up in the mountains. I inquired about conditions of work in the rum factory and was told that the negroes were at work in the factory, during the busy season of about six weeks, from 6 a.m. to 3 a.m. daily. I cannot remember whether the working week included Sunday. Of course, a nigger can sleep at any time and in almost any position, but as there was an overseer it is not likely that these niggers were able to sleep for long. I regret I cannot remember the wages paid.

The wage for a domestic servant living on the premises was usually 5*s*. a week, out of which they were expected to pay for their own food and clothing. People employing servants often told me that they stole food from the supply for the house, and I heard them soundly cursed for doing so. There is a very general habit among white residents to "curse the niggers," which results in sulkiness, petty thefts and other misdemeanours which still further displease employers.

I adopted a method of gentle speech with good pay (comparatively) and regular gifts of food and inspection of living quarters. On the whole, I was well rewarded by willing and devoted service, though one girl thought I was too rich and stole all I had. But

I maintain they have been encouraged to steal by conditions not far removed from those of slavery. An old man once lamented to my parents, then living in the island, that the old days of slavery were better, apparently, in every way.

MARY EDWARDS

TOWN PLANNING

SIR,—It seems likely that one of the chief stumbling blocks in the path of a rational housing policy such as Miss Denby advocates in her letter of June 11th will be the traditional English privilege of the private garden. Garden city development at twelve houses to the acre caters for this demand, whereas Miss Denby's suggestion of thirty or forty dwellings obviously cannot, although her recentralisation scheme would allow for vastly increased communal garden areas and recreational facilities were it applied to any large town like Manchester or London.

The point about the private garden is that it can only be really valuable to the owner when it abuts directly on to the living space and can be enjoyed as an addition to the dwelling or as a kind of out-of-door room. Therefore in any housing scheme involving the multi-storey dwelling the private garden must be ruled out, since there is no method of obtaining direct access or even the imperfect seclusion afforded by the conventional garden city hedged plot. In some of the new continental towns, at Plessy-Robinson, for instance, private gardens have been made in conjunction with collective areas for the use of flat dwellers, but in effect these are no different from fenced allotments and are only useful for cultivation purposes.

Personally I am an advocate of the communal garden idea; there can be no doubt that its introduction would have a liberating influence on the landscape as a whole. I do not think that anything would be lost by the disappearance of the private garden, provided that facilities are given to those who desire to cultivate the soil—nowadays a very valuable outlet psychologically. Allotments can satisfy this need . . . "gardens for intensive cultivation," Le Corbusier calls them, "much more interesting than the traditional small garden system." They must, however, in the new schemes be given a more prominent place than they hold at present in official opinion if their cultivators are to be encouraged to make full use of them. Anyone who has seen the beautifully kept strips directly under the walls of the apartment buildings in Frankfurt's pre-Nazi suburb of Römerstadt will know that allotment areas can be made a real asset when brought within the community and relieved of the stigma of being sandwiched in between the railway cutting and the gasworks.

Allotments form only a small part of the out-of-door amenities which could be provided in the recentralised city. For instance, with an architecture based on Miss Denby's suggestions, the whole of the present population of greater London could be comfortably housed in an area ten miles long by five miles wide, roughly the land inside a rectangle drawn between Willesden, Hackney, Peckham and Barnes. This includes the seven acres of open space per 1,000 of the population advocated by the Greater London Regional Planning Committee and the National Playing Fields Association. This type of development is most favourable to the spread of a fluid, communal landscape design, which could well be a salvation of our urban life under a system of planning in which the preservationist attitude of the garden city school figured less obstinately than it does to-day.

C. TUNNARD
(Associate of the Inst. of Landscape Architects).

St. Ann's Hill House,
Chertsey, Surrey.

A QUESTION FOR WOMEN

SIR,—May I beg the courtesy of your columns to ask a question of my fellow women that has given me no rest for a long time now?

It is about civilisation as we know it in the West being blown to bits in a year or two's time because our national "leaders" can think of no other way of solving our international difficulties. I want to know if it can be true that women as human beings—not for the moment as mothers, or Christians, or members of any political party, but simply as human beings—have individually and in full consciousness accepted *the necessity* of this wholesale slaughter and destruction?

For in spite of the panic clamour of the daily press, answering with the equal and opposite fury of rearmament such statements as: "War alone puts the stamp of nobility on the human race," and "A child's highest destiny is to die for the interests of the Fatherland" (typical samples of the fear *plus* violence complex bred in twenty years' peace of the Versailles pattern)—in spite of such voices sounding all over the world in counsels of revenge, rage and despair, I still believe there is another voice, almost unheard beneath all these, pleading passionately in every woman's heart to-day.

For reasons too obvious and too many to mention, they try not to hear it; and men, by a species of ghastly blackmail, play on women's natural fears to make them betray their true natures still more thoroughly. But though they may successfully stifle the feeble voice of their own humanity, they cannot refuse to hear it when their children speak. And three times during the last three weeks women have told me what their 17 and 18 year old sons have said to them. It was something like this: "I'm telling *you*, mother, because I think you ought to know. They can take me and say I've got to fight if they like. But if they do I shan't kill anybody. I shall kill myself."

Sophistication's answer to the simple nobility of this cry of the innocents before slaughter is of course: "Oh, you won't be asked to kill. But surely you want to help defend your country against aggression? And you wouldn't refuse to protect the weak, or help the injured, or prevent our starvation, would you?"

That is what the very great majority of articulate voices are saying to-day, because that roughly is what the sum of human mentality adds up to. But do we *as women*—as that part of the race most closely implicated in the creation of human bodies—really believe that we have no responsibility for the spirit that moves in them? Do we give our unqualified assent to the creed that demands that whole nations shall be drawn into a net of abominable destruction because "leaders" cannot or will not find another solution to what are in fact problems of world-housekeeping and neighbourly relationships?

Dare we answer our children, offering us the sacrifice of their young lives, whether in suicide or "National Service," with the equivocations about defence and empire and vital interests that we use to bolster up our national or personal pride and greed?

I believe there is a plain alternative before women to-day: the choice, to put it in a nutshell, between faith and finance; the opposition of their *true* "vital" interests to the commercial interests which have wrongfully usurped that name. And I would suggest a simple pledge to every woman who believes as I do that her task as woman in this twentieth century is only half done while planned massacre on a national scale is the ruling interest of the nations' "leaders." It would run like this: "*Above the mounting din of furious and fearful voices I will listen always for the voice of my own humanity, and in the strength of that humanity's creator, obey that voice only, now, and while I live.*"

DOROTHY PLOWMAN

12 Woodside, Erskine Hill,
London, N.W.11.

THE NONESUCH DICKENS

SIR,—I don't like the quip of my friend David Garnett about "transatlantic salesmanship" and the Nonesuch Dickens. I believe it rests on nothing but a misunderstanding of tones of voice or even of words—a misunderstanding in which it is the Englishman usually who shows his ignorance. For example, "Pretentious" in America and England have now quite different meanings—and for my part I prefer the older and "good" American meaning, our own meaning in 1715.

And what does Mr. Garnett mean by saying that the Letters, which he reviews, is the second volume? It is in fact the twentieth since the Pickwick. I can only suppose regretfully that it is lack of salesmanship, transatlantic or British, which has led Mr. Garnett into his error. I doubt whether any other twenty volumes of equal importance have been produced so unclamorously.

FRANCIS MEYNELL

The Nonesuch Press Ltd.,
46 Russell Square, W.C.1.

THE UNCONSCIOUS EGO

SIR,—In a book recently published in this country, *Inhibitions, Symptoms and Anxiety*, Freud rebukes those psycho-analysts who continue to depict man's rational life as the helpless plaything of unconscious, instinctive processes. He describes the power of the *ego* to control these instinctive processes and contrasts this with his earlier view that the ego was almost completely at the mercy of the *id*. Of this latter view he writes: "A great deal of stress has been laid on the weakness of the ego in relation to the id and of our rational elements in the face of the daemonic forces within us; and there is a strong tendency to make what I have

said into a foundation stone of a psycho-analytic *Weltanschauung*. Yet surely the psycho-analyst, with his knowledge of the way in which repression works, should, of all people, be restrained from adopting such extreme and one-sided views."

This one-sidedness is clearly shown by Dr. Glover. Consciousness, he asserts, plays no part either in the control or the initiation of that important process by which instinctive energy comes to serve social ends, the process, namely, of sublimation. Yet, says Freud, in the above-mentioned book, the "astonishing powers" of the ego are developed precisely because of its intimate connections, through the perceptual system, with consciousness!

This kind of exposition of Freudian theory is largely responsible for the suspicion in which psycho-analysis is still held by many Socialists and progressives. For the denial implicit in it, that better social conditions would encourage a higher level of rational behaviour, seems to conceal a wish to preserve the existing social order.

Nonetheless, I believe that psycho-analysis has a valuable part to play in the work of social progress. The knowledge it gives us about our fellow-men enables a more sympathetic and understanding approach to them, an approach which becomes increasingly necessary as the need for social reconstruction grows more pressing.

Dr. Glover may protest that this is to make psycho-analysis the handmaiden of politics. The answer is that science, and therefore psycho-analysis, exists to serve men's needs. Psycho-analysis can give no better justification for its existence than to help solve those terrible social and political problems which threaten to engulf our contemporary society. R. OSBORN

2 Myrtle Terrace, High Cross, N.17.

THE PEACE MOVEMENT

SIR,—We have read with interest Mr. Kingsley Martin's article on the Peace Movement.

Instead of starting a controversy with him of his interpretation of the National Peace Congress, we cordially invite him and other readers of your paper to a meeting called by The London Federation of Peace Councils on the 23rd of June at 7.30 p.m. at the Library of Baptist Church House, 4, Southampton Row, W.C.1, when the Rev. S. G. Evans and Mr. R. Palme-Dutt will give a report on the Congress and speak about the choice before the Peace Movement. E. TUCKFELD,

5 Woodhill Crescent, Acting Secretary
Kenton, Harrow.

WAR RISKS INSURANCE

SIR,—There are still many personal risks which the ordinary man cannot cover himself against, and it is a desire of Socialists that the State shall accept full responsibility for its members from birth onwards against all risks to which they may be subjected. Increasingly so perhaps by reason of our mechanised age. Of late years some progress has been made in this direction even by a Government which disclaims any belief in Socialism.

To-day there is, however, a flutter among property-owners who have always felt that for a small premium they could cover themselves for risk to their property. Most Insurance Companies have, with their last premium demands, stated that they cannot hold property covered against air raid risks. Previously several questions had been asked in Parliament as to whether the Government could undertake to cover such risks, the answers elected are all to the effect that only when and if the contingency arises will it be possible for the Government to decide in the circumstance of the time whether it will compensate.

It is interesting to note that one of the Property Protection Associations is forming a "pool fund" by subscriptions of 1s. per £100 of risk, out of which compensation will be paid to the limit of such fund. In the event of no war breaking out within ten years the fund will be redistributed to subscribers. This, of course, is not an insurance scheme proper.

Sir John Simon has indicated that no deduction will be allowed from Income Tax in respect of expenditure of a capital nature to safeguard property from air raids; but that the Board of Inland Revenue will not object to Commissioners allowing a deduction for expenditure, which is not of a capital nature, such as steel shutters for protection of windows. This, of course, will have some effect also on rating of such properties.

There is also the important question of the position of lessees who are under an obligation to their landlord to repair, reinstate and insure. The London Chamber of Commerce is at present pressing the Government in some measure to spread the burden that may thus fall upon this class, a class which is, incidentally, becoming a present-day favourite of Governments.

From the above indications, it will, I think, be seen that now is an excellent opportunity for persuading the Government to initiate a State Insurance Fund to which Property Owners would joyfully contribute. Further, as they dare not run the risk, there could be no real opposition from the vested interest, which has always in the past so strictly opposed the principle of State Insurance. AMBROSE E. APPLEBEE

7 New Square, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.2.

BOOKS FOR SPAIN

SIR,—The Spanish Medical Aid Committee ask me to appeal for books for our English staff of doctors and nurses in Spain, and for the English speaking patients in the military hospitals. Many of our nurses and doctors are working far from any contact with any other world than the dreadful realities of war. Their need for books to take their minds off it all during their scanty spare time is very great. To our patients in the hospitals, who have fought so hard for the ideals of liberty and democracy, books are nearly as necessary as medicines, in taking their minds off their pain and assisting them to a quick recovery.

Definitely we want modern books. There is a demand for thrillers, good modern novels and serious books on modern problems. Left Book Club books are specially asked for.

May I ask your readers to look through their bookshelves and send us, not only what they can spare, but one or two of their own favourites as well? Parcels should be sent to the Spanish Medical Aid Committee, 24 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. We have to ask you to pay postage to this address, but we will undertake the sending of the consignment to Spain.

ELLEN WILKINSON

We are glad to acknowledge the following further sums for Spanish Relief: H. S. W. W. (£10); J. O. Dwyer, H. A. H. (£5); Richard Anderson, K. Z. (£4 4s.); K. S. Richardson (£3 8s. 8d.); Anon. (£3); Anon., R. P. Cox (£2); D. G. (£1 1s.); Anon. (£1); P. E. Rayner (10s.); L. H. Clark (2s. 6d.).

Miscellany

COUNTRY NOTES

Podiceps Ruficollis

READING about the manners of birds described by other people is agreeable enough, but the interest is impersonal and savours too much of a transient curiosity over odd habits, much as we might experience in reading about the Trobrianders. The Trobrianders are unlikely to affect, or even to enter, our lives. Nor is the Great Auk, or the Chiloe Wigeon, but the moment a personal discovery, however humble, comes our way, how very different is our response. The excitement of discerning the nest of a long-tailed tit among some exceedingly thorny rose-bushes is enough to make us feel that we are really in touch with the queer hidden world of nature. We knew of course theoretically that long-tailed tits did construct such remarkable homes to rear their brood, but never until we saw it with our own eyes did we quite believe it.

It was thus with pleasure and surprise that, scrambling round the lake, I observed a strange dank patch of mud on the extreme tip of a fallen willow bat, half in and half out of the water, and knew it for the nest of a Little Grebe. The surprise was unwarranted, for the Little Grebe commonly frequents our lakes and ponds, and there was nothing at all noteworthy in the fact that it had thus elected to honour my own small piece of water. Still, there it was, and I was pleased. More, I felt even proud. "The Little Grebe," I murmured to myself, snobbishly avoiding the more popular name of dabchick. "Podiceps ruficollis ruficollis," I might have added, but owing only to my ignorance I didn't.

Instead, I approached cautiously to the very verge of the lake. The nest was right out in the water, balanced on its horizontal bat, the tiny waves washing up to it as the breeze blew. Thanks to the ingenuity of the builder, no one would ever have taken it for a nest at all. It was very different from the neat, dry nests of the neighbouring moorhens, carefully plaited with papery reeds among the stumps of old trees out of reach of water or foxes. The nest of the Little Grebe was, in comparison, a messy affair that made one wonder why two kinds of water-bird, living in such proximity and in precisely the same circumstances, should have evolved so different a method of dealing with the same dangers and the same difficulties.

Sitting down to watch for anything that might happen, I reflected how greatly I should dislike to start my life from such a home. One instinctively thinks of a nest as a warm, cosy thing—the incubator system foreseen by nature. This nest bore no relation to the incubator system whatsoever. It was muddy, it was wet. It looked cold and sodden. It was, in fact, nothing but a dab of wet mud. A strand of wild honeysuckle grew unhappily out of it. No eggs were visible, naturally, because the Little Grebe has the ingenious idea of covering her eggs with wet leaves whenever she absents herself from her responsibilities. Frighten her, and off she goes, after hiding her treasure. This was evidently what had happened, but after I had been sitting there for a few minutes there came a rustle among the reeds and a neat head peeped out, sensed my presence, and again disappeared. I scarcely liked to remain on the watch, because it so obviously distressed the bird whom I could now see sailing round on the outskirts, worried and anxious. The nest might be messy, but it was the only thing she knew how to do, and it was dear to her. Happy though I was, sitting among the spent bluebells and the ragged robin on a summer afternoon, I got up and went away, not to distress the Little Grebe unduly.

I know, however, that when presently I revisit the nest, the brood will be out swimming with their mother, and at the first alarm will all clamber on to her back and be carried off into safety. It is one of the prettiest sights of the waterside, this soft scramble of downy chicks into the comfort of their mother's feathers.

Stone Troughs

Trough-gardening has recently become very popular, and there is much to be said in its favour. Trough-gardening means using old stone pig-troughs, and stone sinks for growing small plants, usually alpines, so tiny and delicate that they would escape notice in the open garden. One great advantage of these troughs or sinks is that they may easily be raised to eye-level on supports of brick or stone, so that their contents may be appreciated without undue stooping or peering; they are, so to speak, a garden in miniature adapted to the needs of the short-sighted or of those afflicted by rheumatism or lumbago. Even for the strong-bodied gardener they have their uses. They enable him to grow his choice small things in pockets of soil especially adapted to their needs. He can place them in sun or shade; he can supply or withhold water as they require; he can watch and supervise; he can perceive the alien weed and remove it in its seedless babyhood. It is a very intimate and myopic form of garden pleasure.

These troughs or sinks are not difficult to obtain nowadays. Galvanised iron has superseded the drinking-troughs in the fields, and glazed china in the scullery sinks. Many of them have been thrown away as useless, or turned upside down to form a doorstep. I myself possess a trough which I found lying outside a pig-sty, and which I discovered was traditionally known as Wat Tyler's foot-bath, having been bought under that description from his old home. It is now filled with small bright blue flowers—gentians, lithospermum, and omphalodes Lucillae: Wat Tyler certainly never intended it for such a purpose, but the gain equally certainly is mine.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST

TRAGIC PAINTERS

THE title "Tragic Painters" has been given to an admirable exhibition at the Lefèvre Gallery of paintings by Gauguin, Van Gogh, Modigliani, Pascin, Rouault, Soutine, and Utrillo. You could fill Burlington House with pictures by modern painters tragic in their circumstances, in their outlook, or in both. The civilisation in which we live is ill-suited to the painter, yet there are more painters to-day than ever before. It would almost be true to say that the supply of pictures has increased in inverse ratio to the demand, and that there are more people that paint than people who buy pictures. "Art" has become the chosen occupation of a vast number of persons ill-equipped for business or professional life, handicapped by an "artistic temperament," and provided with a private income or an allowance that enables them just to keep alive without selling their work. Most of them ought never to paint a picture except for their own amusement. They are not artists, but in an earlier age they could have been craftsmen, painting garlands on chairs or landscapes upon dessert-services. Unfortunately the development of the machine has deprived them of such employment, and they feel themselves obliged by the deceptive example of great artists with whom they have nothing in common, to "express their personality," though they may have no personality worth expressing. They thus become parasites upon the community, not only useless, but often unhappy because they cannot disguise even from themselves their own incapacity. Moreover, there is no method of distinguishing the true artist from the craftsman *manqué*. Only time can show. In even the best organised society it would be necessary to carry the weight of hundreds of mediocre painters, in order to produce one artist of permanent value.

If our civilisation has little place for the craftsman, it is also a most hostile environment for the true artist. I very much doubt whether at any period a majority of the population, or even of the governing class, has cared deeply and discriminatingly for visual art. Painters of genius like Giotto, Raphael, and Rubens have enjoyed enormous contemporary success. But so have second-rate painters like Pinturicchio, Guido Reni, and Luca Giordano. Le Brun and Mignard were vastly more prosperous than Claude or even Poussin. But in the past, painting, like religion, commanded the homage of even those who had no genuine feeling for it, and artists were recognised to be useful if only for lending prestige to the Monarch, the Aristocracy and the Church. Most so-called Marxian criticism of art seems to me uninteresting, because it is so largely concerned with the subject-matter of painting and the use to which it has been put. It is quite true (though not at all new) to say that in the Trecento artists painted Madonnas, and in seventeenth-century Holland they painted portraits, landscapes and cosy interiors, because the patrons were respectively ecclesiastics and burghers. But the important point surely is the difference between Giotto who painted Madonnas marvellously and his pupils who painted them indifferently, between a domestic scene by Vermeer and a similar subject treated by Gerard Dou. And on these differences the "Marxian" critic throws no light at all. It is, in fact, the individual not the environment that is responsible for what is most important in a painting, its power of exciting emotion of a particular order. But this is not to deny that certain environments are more favourable than others to the artists. Fifteenth-century Florence was a prodigiously fecund *milieu*, but a Moslem painter, unless he was born in Persia or the India of the great Moghul, had little chance to develop his powers. Our civilisation treats pictures as mere luxury-products, like diamonds, but much less desirable.

It is easy, and in part true, to blame this on an anarchical economic system. A painter when he reads the morning paper, may well feel desperately discouraged. Not only is there none of the security for the development of his art which a painter needs (and painting requires the longest apprenticeship of any occupation), but all the values reflected in the paper are diametrically opposed to his own. I suspect however that the

development of the machine has been chiefly responsible for the general degeneration of the visual sense and, since the abolition of the machine is neither likely nor desirable, painting will probably continue to be unpopular—a sort of throwback to an earlier state of culture. Printing and photography have removed the gross utilitarian excuses for the painter's existence, and the quality that gives a picture permanent value, its aesthetic power, receives no wide recognition. (Ingres was probably the last great painter to be officially recognised as such in his lifetime.) This divorce of the artist from the community obviously tends to make him a "tragic" figure. He may have the serenity to persevere, indifferent to this indifference, and the results may be as altogether admirable as the works of Matisse, Bonnard, Maillol and Braque. He may express his anguish and hatred, like Picasso and Rouault, also with wonderful results. Or again he may succumb to poverty, drink, drugs or madness, like Van Gogh and Modigliani, after producing works of superlative vigour or elegance. Whichever course he pursues, he receives no serious patronage from the community, though he may, like the living artists I have named, derive a comfortable income from a small body of *cognoscenti*. The Universities do nothing to help him—Oxford and Cambridge, if one may judge from most of their new buildings, are countries of the blind. Nor would it enter anyone's head that the Church might encourage the painter, so completely has she abandoned her once proud position. The aristocracy, with a few signal exceptions, care no more than the proletariat for painting. The artist has no one to look to except enlightened advertisers like Shell-Mex or the Underground, and a small section of the cultivated bourgeoisie.

In this lamentable state of affairs we are entitled to blame largely our economic system and the grotesque values that it imposes. So long as a turn for making large profits remains the supreme virtue, and the chief source both of power and honour, the artist will continue to be an object of contemptuous pity. Why should we expect a Lord Nuffield or a Lord Austin to bother their heads about painting? But that is no reason for saying that nothing can be done until there has been an economic revolution. In the first place, one can urge the development of visual education for the young. If the public and other secondary schools provided art teaching as good as that given in the elementary schools of London, enormously more people might take an interest in painting. Secondly, one can press upon individuals the importance, and the pleasure, of picture-buying. "Take a chance, back your fancy," I should like to say, "Go to-day and *buy*. If you like pictures, it will enable artists to go on painting them. And if you find contemporary pictures difficult to appreciate, you may discover, by having some on your walls and getting to know them, a new and intoxicating source of enjoyment."

I have left no space for criticism of the important and delightful exhibition at the Lefèvre Gallery. But all the artists represented are already well known here, except perhaps Pascin, and he is less happy in his paintings than in his drawings. The show includes a brilliant Van Gogh, several delightful Modiglianis (look especially at *La Jeune Bonne*—it is a very moving as well as very elegant work) and at least one first-rate Utrillo. The later works of this artist have a tinny quality that seems to come from an almost mechanical method of painting. (He is tragic because he lost his vision, but perhaps he will recover it, as his health is said to be better.) In early works, such as the *Caserne* (dated 1914), in this show, and several at the Adams Gallery and, perhaps best of all, two at the Storran Gallery, he shows himself a painter of great imaginative power. Already indeed these pictures have the authoritative air of established Old Masters. The Lefèvre also has some notable Rouaults, including a flower-piece of great splendour. There has not been, I think, since the seventeenth century a religious painter comparable in power and sincerity to Rouault, but so far as I know he is entirely disregarded by the Church.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

THE ADELPHI SITE: AN APOLOGY

In our issue of June 4th, 1938, we made reference to the Earl of Ellesmere as having been the profit-maker on the sale of the Adelphi site.

We are assured by the Earl of Ellesmere's advisers that there is no truth in the statement, and that neither directly nor indirectly has his Lordship made any profit on the sale of the property, nor was he concerned as the middleman in the transaction, or in the dealings with the property in any way whatever.

We desire to express our sincere apologies for the statements made in the article and our regrets for any annoyance caused to Lord Ellesmere by erroneous statements.

Mr. Robert Byron, the author of the article, also apologises and expresses his sincere regret to Lord Ellesmere for the statements made, which he now knows are entirely erroneous and without foundation.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Marriage," at the Westminster

Born three years before Dickens, with whom it is natural to compare him, Gogol was a comic writer with imaginative genius. *Dead Souls*, perhaps because of its title, is still not as widely known here as it should be, although the excellent translation by Mrs. Garnett reveals the author's virtuosity in the use of language as well as his glorious humour. His two-act play *Marriage* is broad farce kept alive, in spite of old-fashioned technique, by its characterisation. In Podkolyossin, the shy obstinate old bachelor, one may perhaps recognise something of Gogol himself—he never married. Zhevakin, the retired Naval Lieutenant, is as vivid as any character in Chehov, and Kocharyov, the officious friend, belongs to the great comic tradition. Mr. Rollo Gamble has produced the play admirably at the Westminster. On the first night the pace was often a trot where it should have been a gallop: Mr. Waldo Wright, in particular, marred a beautiful performance

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of Podkolyossin by quite unnecessary slowness, but no doubt this defect will quickly disappear. Mr. Cecil Trouncer was dazzling and full-blooded, Mr. Mark Dignam gave perhaps the best performance of all, Miss Iné Cameron made a fruity matchmaker, and Mr. Frederick Peisley a flowery snob. Miss Isobel Scaife did not act with her usual conviction: she seemed to remain outside her part, and gave a sophisticated burlesque touch to the author's straightforward humour, but the character she played has not stood the passage of time as well as the rest of the play. The scenery and costumes by Miss Vera Cuningham, opulent in colour and giddy in design, made the play a continuous pleasure to watch. (May we humbly tip a wink to the Sadler's Wells? Miss Cuningham was obviously born to design decor for ballet.) An otherwise very happy evening began with some dances, in which Miss Agnes de Mille performed, together with Messrs. Frank Stafford and Antony Tudor, who did not show to their usual advantage.

"Spring Meeting," at the Ambassadors

Southern Ireland has a charm reminiscent of nineteenth century Russia as painted by Goncharov, Turgenev and Aksakov. It remains isolated from most of the ardours and anguishes of modern Europe, with an ignorant and eloquent peasantry, and a feckless landowning class that has lost its power and most of its money, but retains, in picturesque decadence, many of its quaint ways. These survivors of the old ascendancy complain a great deal, not realising how lucky they are to have got away with this, their houses, their gardens and their lives. In a Tipperary mansion, belonging to one of them, Miss Farrell and Mr. Percy have laid the action of their comedy. It is a good entertainment and only misses being a most distinguished one because of its inequality. Some of the lines are brutally cheap, and one surmises that the two authors are very different in taste and merit. They have written a comedy of character, in which the personages pursue their individual purpose with a Chehovian unawareness of each other. A tragi-comic maiden aunt, prematurely in her second childhood, is a beautifully rich character, and Miss Margaret Rutherford's performance of the part provides the best acting now to be seen in London. Mr. Arthur Sinclair is grand as the butler, Miss Betty Chancellor excellent as a younger daughter, Mr. Roger Livesey and Mr. Niall MacGinness made an admirable baronet and jockey. (Horse-racing and love provide the material of the play). Miss Joyce Casey and Miss Zena Dare seem unluckily cast, and quite out of the picture. The settings by Mr. Roger Furse, and the production, by Mr. John Gielgud, are uncommonly good. Altogether a very enjoyable evening.

"Lot's Wife," by Peter Blackmore, at the Whitehall

A spice of the Sanctities seems to make humour into wit and turn conventional light comedy into epigrammatic fantasy. Mr. Blackmore has been adroit enough to realise that Sodom, even when spelt backwards, gives the West End a *frisson* in its conditioned reflexes, and that to find in its programme such names as Mr. Lot, Uncle Abraham and Mr. Angell makes an audience ready to giggle before the rise of the curtain. Like most good comedy, *Lot's Wife* has very little plot; and a good deal of its humour is figure-skating on the thin ice of Genesis. The ageing Anglo-Indian Lot, his pretty, flippant young wife and her public-school lover, the prudish daughter and her flirtatious sister, make the usual jokes and run true to the common pattern. But the types, though ordinary, are beautifully drawn, and the warning rumbles of the predestined fire and brimstone bring a certain dramatic tensity to the sherry-party witticisms. It need only be added that Mrs. Lot is far too charming to become a pillar of salt, and that Mr. Lot, in spite of his weakness for fig wine, remains true to British good taste. As a whole the play is very good fun, and combines the best drawing-room humour with the highbrow holiday spirit of Hamlet in modern dress. Mr. Cecil Parker invests the blustering commonplace of John Lot with a bluff and pathetic charm, and Miss Swinburne is her delightful self as his bullied but unrepressed wife. But the greatest credit goes to Miss Henrietta Watson for a study in sly, fluttering, wickedly naive eccentricity that for a few minutes lifts the play into the purest and most sublime fantasy.

Hindu Dancers at the Vaudeville

These dancers and musicians from Seraikella (Eastern India) may disappoint playgoers who expect another Uday Shan-Khar. Theirs is a more impersonal, stylised art; no central figure undulates and ogles our attention; the masks (all the dancers appear masked) are sometimes curiously undramatic. An orchestra of seven lines the back of the stage, and the reiteration of flute or two horns to an accompaniment of finger taps and the shuffling stamp of the dancers seems at first monotonous. For a while there is not much to catch on to; then we begin to feel the thin melancholy of the music and the manoeuvres of the stealthy capering figures assume a pattern. Harvest dances, duels, a love dance, the mopping and mowing of deities—all form part of a five-day festival, of which we are only given glimpses, but as the evening goes on we learn to distinguish a little. There are enchanting moments: the hesitating sliding entrance of the Sun-god, the dance of a priest offering lights to the deity. As a West End entertainment it is not perhaps everyone's cup of tea; particularly if you like yours sweet and thick.

"A Slight Case of Murder," at the Odeon

This film, with its Damon Runyon scenario, prompts the curious reflection that American humour seems even wittier to us than it does to the Americans themselves. Time after time the gilded bowels of the Odeon shook with laughter so unquenchable that long passages of the dialogue were completely obscured. *A Slight Case of Murder* should be seen on a fine summer afternoon in a remote country town; for it is certainly a very, very funny film and one resents losing a single one of its innumerable cracks. The charming idiosyncrasies of Runyonese narrative cannot of course be transferred to the screen, but everything else can, above all the atmosphere of cheerful simplicity which robs crime of its terror and turns the most abandoned criminals into a party of Bruin Boys who took the wrong turning early in life when Mrs. Bruin wasn't looking. *A Slight Case of Murder* shows them retracing their steps, self-consciously "on the legitimate"; it exploits every possibility of humour latent in the idea of the gangster turned virtuous. Edward G. Robinson is the notorious bootlegger investing his Prohibition-gotten gains in a straight brewery; never having tasted his appalling beer, he has no notion of the cause of his declining fortunes. His ex-gangster associates, unconvincingly transformed into chauffeurs, butlers and the like, are played by a perfect galaxy of Hollywood talent: familiar faces mostly, but never before massed to such hilarious purpose in a single film. In one scene he rings up a sick fellow-gangster in a San Diego hospital so that he may be cheered by the sound of a sentimental ballad crooned over the long-distance wire; the sufferer's face, festooned in compresses and ice-bags remains unmoved and by the second verse he is dead. Furthermore, there is a fine, upstanding young guy in love with the gangster's daughter, who is as pretty a young doll as we wish to see; Ruth Donnelly, as the gangster's wife, embracing respectability with desperate gusto; a pretty confusion of country-house corpses; and, to round things off, the adroit twist of a Runyon conclusion.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, June 18th—
Pageant of the Dances of Europe. Hyde Park, 3 and 7.

SUNDAY, June 19th—
Prof. G. W. Keeton on "International Law and International Morality," Conway Hall, 11.

MONDAY, June 20th—
Irene Vanbrugh's Jubilee Matinee, His Majesty's.
Season of Russian Ballet, Royal Opera House.

TUESDAY, June 21st—
Palestine Exhibition and Fair in aid of the Jewish National Fund, Queen's Hall. Till June 23rd.
W. Arthur Lewis on "Bad Conditions in the W. Indies," Friends House, 1.20.
Major-Gen. Sir John Megaw on "Tuberculosis: a Key Problem of India," Overseas House, St. James's, 4.30.
"Golden Boy," St. James's.
"Sexes and Sevens," Vaudeville.

WEDNESDAY, June 22nd—
The Hon. George Peel on "The Work of Sir Robert Peel and Its Lessons for To-day," Royal Society of Arts, 5.
Puppet Show, 1938, Mercury.

THURSDAY, June 23rd—
Stage Society Meeting, Stephen Spender on "Federico Garcia Lorca," Royal Institute of British Architects, 8.30. Admission: Members free; non-members, 6*d*.

FRIDAY, June 24th—
World Congress of Faiths. Subject: "The Renascence of Religion," Cambridge. Till June 28th.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

"My father he says that the heathen won't go to hell if they've never heard the name of Our Lord," the village girl Bella remarked in tones of sombre resignation as she peeled potatoes. Then her face brightened with joyful vindictiveness. "But nowadays with all our missionaries there can't be many as hasn't." It was clear that she contributed her pennies every week, not in the hopes of saving souls, but by stopping the loopholes of escape to damn the damnable. Her view that missionaries injure rather than benefit the people amongst whom they labour is widespread—anthropologists continually describe how their influence upon primitive peoples has been disastrous, particularly in Oceania and Africa. But the position when one civilisation sends out missionaries to another is entirely different, and the work of missionaries in China and India (largely medical) has done an immense amount of good. A civilised people can only benefit when foreign standards of conduct, and foreign ideas are diffused among it; the pity is that the influence has so often been one-sided. We have, of course, enjoyed a plentiful supply of Hindus, preaching Yogism of one sort or another, and popularising "the Wisdom of the East," which of all forms of wisdom bores me most. But there have not been many missionaries from China: or I have not heard of them, unless perhaps Lowes Dickenson may be reckoned as a sort of St. Patrick of Confucianism—returning from the Celestial empire to convert his countrymen. Now, as a tardy return for all the tens of thousands of Christian sectaries who have preached varieties of Christianity in China, we are rewarded with Dr. Lin Yutang, who has apparently set himself single-handed to the task of the conversion of the United States to the teachings of Laotse and to the standards and values which underlie Chinese life. It seems possible that he will have as great an influence and do as much good as several thousands of Christian missionaries in China, for he has gained an enormous audience for his gospel. Of his last book, *My Country and My People*, some 30,000 copies have been sold in America alone—while his new book, *The Importance of Living* (Heinemann, 15*s*.) has sold 141,000 copies in five weeks, which is, I need hardly say, prodigious.

* * *

Naturally enough the missionary of Chinese ideas to America inevitably suffers from some of the irritating qualities of all proselytisers—the worst of which are the sugar-coated pill, and the disingenuous argument. Thus Dr. Lin Yutang holds up the merits of Chinese loafing and idleness in contrast with American hustling, without any hint that he is the spokesman of millions who work for longer hours for less reward than any Occidental. Of course, such disingenuousness in a good cause, for he goes on to explain that culture is a product of leisure (not always is it?). He is sometimes irritating also with a Chestertonian trick, posing as naiveté, as when in advocating the golden mean he says:

> I am quite sure Lindbergh would be much happier if he had flown only half-way across the Atlantic.

The effect of which is merely to put the golden mean in what Blake would have considered its proper place. It is disingenuous also to contrast American high pressure with Chinese idleness—which he considers responsible for the (alleged) rarity of insanity among Chinese, without mentioning that the present educational system imposes an appalling high-pressure grind upon all Chinese students which effectively prevents them from either thinking for themselves, or wanting to do so. It is possible that the extraordinary absence of originality and inventiveness among the Chinese, astonishing in a highly civilised people over many hundreds of years, is due largely to the fiendish examination system which prevailed. Such suppressions are necessary if Dr. Lin Yutang is to get his message home to the American people, which he has done so effectively:

> The three great American vices seem to be efficiency, punctuality and the desire for achievement and success. They are the things which make the Americans so unhappy and so nervous. They steal from them their inalienable right of loafing and cheat them of many a good, idle and beautiful afternoon. . . . Our quarrel with efficiency is not that it gets things done, but that it is a thief of time when it leaves us no leisure to enjoy ourselves and that it frays our nerves in trying to get things done perfectly. . . . The American's inability to loaf comes from his placing action above being. The desire of old American men and women for action, trying in this way to gain their self-respect and the respect of the younger generation, is what makes them so ridiculous to an Oriental . . . . Is it not sufficient that the old people *are* something?

This excellent indictment is followed by a charming whimsical picture of a millennium in Manhattan—gentlemen ambling in skirts and slippers, policemen gossiping at the traffic crossings, and fire engines proceeding at a snail's pace or stopping for the firemen to gaze at the wild geese in the sky. What has been said hundreds of times, is said again more forcibly and more pleasantly because it is said by a Chinese.

* * *

Dr. Lin Yutang is a disciple of Laotse (570 B.C.), whose teaching resembled that of Jesus, but was that of a flat practical man, and not of a mystic:

> The greatest conqueror wins without joining issue. The best user of men acts as though he were their inferior.

There is not a trace of theirs is the kingdom of Heaven. As Dr. Lin Yutang says: Chinese pacifism is not that of the humanitarian but that of the old rogue. This stress on the practical results of action destroys the appearance of originality. "Where armies are, thorns and brambles grow. The raising of a great host is followed by a year of dearth." Such aphorisms are too obvious to be impressive at first sight, like the most celebrated of Tao's sayings on sending a farm boy to work for his sons: "Treat him well, for he is also someone's son." They lack the epigrammatic blaze which surrounds the sayings of Jesus, but like all things Chinese they grow upon one because of their charm. *The Importance of Living* is a book with two quite distinct uses and values: it is a tract for the 100 per cent. go-getters of America which may have a profound influence if it catches them in a moment of discouragement. Its importance in this respect depends upon its sales—but already it must have influenced nearly half a million. By the sophisticated readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION parts of the book will be found tiresome, or silly:

> I have no doubt lyrical poetry would not have developed if our hairy ancestors had had no lice on their bodies.

For he derives poetry from patting, pawing, tickling and embracing. Those who have listened to the hymns of the howling monkeys to the setting sun will disagree and think poetry has more to do with the voice than the fingers. The value of the book to civilised Europeans is because it is an anthology of Chinese ideas and anecdotes. It is not Chinese brains that impress us, but Chinese charm. A good instance is the anecdote of Chuangtse, who once dreamed he was a butterfly and that he could flutter his wings and everything was real. On waking up he realised he was Chuangtse and Chuangtse was real. Then he wondered whether he was really Chuangtse dreaming of being a butterfly, or really a butterfly dreaming of being Chuangtse. Dr. Lin Yutang follows this Chinese box conundrum with the complete *non sequitur*: "Life, then, is really a dream. . . . Half of the poetry of life would be gone if we did not feel that life was either a dream, or a voyage with transient travellers . . ." I prefer the half which would be left, since I never feel life is a dream except when I am badly frightened or else going to be seasick. One of the most interesting parts of the book, considered as an anthology, is the appendix, *A Chinese Critical Vocabulary*, which is extremely enlightening about Chinese sensibility. The word *wen*, literature, actually means ripples in water, or the watermark of brocade. Dr. Lin Yutang gives a list of thirteen types of beauty characteristic of winter, one

of which is the delightful word *chüeh*, the beauty of stupidity often typified by rocks and gnarled roots as opposed to the beauty of flowers. One becomes a little suspicious of crystallised fancifulness. Yüan lists fourteen conditions as pleasing and twenty-three as humiliating to flowers. It was a charming whimsy—but there is something unpleasant about realising that millions of people have been learning them by heart since the sixteenth century. The most extraordinary deficiency in Chinese is that there is no word for passion " if it is different from sentiment and means something tumultuous and upsetting," says Dr. Lin Yutang, as though he could not quite believe it did. But it does, and the effect of reading this missionary from China is to make me rather glad I belong to the passionate, hard-thinking West.

DAVID GARNETT

IN PRAISE OF WHITMAN

Walt Whitman: Complete Verse, Selected Prose and Letters. Edited by EMORY HOLLOWAY for The Nonesuch Library. 12*s.* 6*d.*

If Whitman is neglected to-day, or read only in anthologies, this noble edition, beautifully produced and printed, with copious notes and with examples of his letters and journalism, should persuade many people to read his poetry in its entirety. Uneven, and at times boring, it may be, but, surprisingly enough (since Whitman was so much a politician, a *rapporteur* and a technical innovator), in its totality it " dates " less than the poetry of greater nineteenth-century poets. The eternally old, bearded prophet of American democracy demands that his life work, *Leaves of Grass*, should be swallowed whole; the reader must accept the good and evil in the poet's own personality, the wide vistas of the America which he saw, the horrors and beauties of the Civil War, the political vision of the convinced democrat. He is boring only as the prophets of the Old Testament, with their repetitions and their lists of names, are boring; he is dealing with hunks of material reality, and names and facts built together are the walls supporting his monumental work.

Leaves of Grass is perhaps the most moving and complete personal confession since Rousseau; and it is the only successful contemporary epic of modern times. Whitman, with qualities in his character which would have made other men vicious and unhappy, was extraordinarily lucky; he lived in the centre of a historic movement which he was able to assimilate, and in the unashamed centre of his own personality which was admirably suited to the life of a soldier, male nurse, wanderer and poet of democracy. Other occasions—for example, the Great War—might have provided a contemporary epic, but they did not, because the experiences of the poets were at once too narrow in space and too overwhelming in significance; they produced only a passive intensity of horror and suffering. There is no reason to doubt that, given different circumstances, Whitman also would have been overwhelmed; he owes everything to the slow progress of the Civil War and to the vast spaces of America, which enabled him at once to reflect and to spread out his experiences over a wide area. He does not burst with agony; he is provided with every sort of safety valve, and the great machine of his creativeness blows off plenty of steam. Compare his War Poems with those of Wilfrid Owen and one sees the difference between sympathy translated into intense personal suffering (which the poet cannot communicate to those for whom he suffers) and sympathy which expresses itself on the one hand in action and on the other in communication with those who suffer. Finally, Whitman was most fortunate of all in finding in comradeship and the poetry of comradeship, in tenderness and the opportunity of caring for the wounded, an outlet for homosexual tendencies which in other circumstances might have left him unhappy and neurotic.

Whitman's poetry is epic and at times it reminds one of the classics of antiquity. The melodic line of his verse is long, and where it is regular it often produces the effect of a hexametre. Whitman released himself from the obligation of writing in set forms, and in imposing no form on his free verse he occasionally falls into new and regular forms; it is not surprising that he himself did not explore the regular forms which he thus accidentally discovered. What is far more surprising is that he is still so much a pioneer, that his discoveries have been so little exploited that, so far as I am aware, there is no careful analysis of the styles in which he wrote, for the use of contemporary poets. Poems such as *Crossing Brooklyn Ferry* suggest the classicism of the elegies of Hoelderlin's early maturity; and the shorter poems have often the hammering force of Hoelderlin's epigrams in classical metres. This hammering strength is not created, as in the German, by technique combined with the poet's preoccupation with Greece; it is the result of Whitman's power of creating in an unforgettable image some very direct piece of observation which immediately suggests the vast and magnificent subject of the whole of his poetry.

The best attack on Whitman is contained in D. H. Lawrence's essay on him in *Studies in Classic American Literature*. Lawrence, consciously or unconsciously, recognised Whitman as his great rival in the field of sex; Whitman, the leveller of democracy, who recognised everyone as his brother and sister, accepting the good and evil, the life and death of the universe, was intolerable to him; finally, he saw Whitman as the supreme poet of death. Actually, Lawrence's own greatest poems, like Whitman's, concern death; and the dark gods of Lawrence's sexuality are just as much levellers as, and far less interesting than, the human qualities which make Whitman prepared to accept everybody on equal terms. But Whitman's poetry, however egoistic the poet may seem, is rooted in a universal sympathy and a life of experience reaching far beyond his own personality, whereas Lawrence's work is rooted in a personal frustration. To-day, when the ideals for which Whitman stood seem shattered, what an extraordinary vitality they have, how much truer they seem than anything that has followed, how shoddy the grandchildren of his pioneers seem compared with their ancestors! Whitman was not a dreamer, he was a realist, and one reads his great prophetic book not with the sense that it is a fantasy, but with a sense of tremendous opportunities lost; it has the vitality of an age compared with which succeeding ages seem the unhealthy and worthless heirs of a heritage far greater and more living than themselves.

STEPHEN SPENDER

THE ALDERLEY PAPERS

The Ladies of Alderley. BEING THE LETTERS BETWEEN MARIA JOSEPHA LADY STANLEY OF ALDERLEY, AND HER DAUGHTER-IN-LAW, HENRIETTA MARIA STANLEY. Edited by NANCY MITFORD. *Chapman and Hall.* 15*s.*

Maria Josepha Holroyd, daughter of the first Lord Sheffield, was born in 1771. As a girl she was a particular pet of Gibbon, who " used to lament that she was not a boy, saying she would maintain a contest well with Charles James Fox." She married the first Lord Stanley of Alderley, and survived till 1863, appearing as a superstitious old woman, clinging greedily to life, in *The Amberley Papers* (Hogarth Press, £2 2*s.*). Miss Nancy Mitford now offers us a volume of letters written between 1841 and 1850, in which Maria Josepha shows herself a formidable though not unsympathetic mother-in-law, and a most lively letter-writer. The book will be considered too trivial by some, for it throws no light on either important personages or the conditions of the proletariat. But anyone who has a feeling for the period-flavour will enjoy in these letters a very entertaining domestic picture, a Conversation-piece in which Maria Josepha sits in the centre of an enormous group: her cross dirty old husband is muttering curses on the Papists, one daughter has fits of hysteria, another dies of cancer, her son shoots and enjoys social life, while his adoring wife incessantly complains. In the background there is a vast house in a beautiful park, in the foreground a litter of dogs and of grandchildren, among whom we see Henry who became a Mohammedan, Algernon who became a Catholic Bishop, the clever Lyulph whose daughter became a Jewess, Rosalind who became Countess of Carlisle, a tyrant and a teetotaller, and Bertrand Russell's mother, Kate, with whom we have been in love since reading *The Amberley Papers*. " Secure in their Whig outlook, they never questioned the fact that each individual has his allotted place in the realm, and that their own allotted place was among the ruling, the leisured and the moneyed classes." But Maria Josepha introduced into the sluggish Stanley blood an energy that still breaks out in protean enthusiasms—one of her great-great-great-granddaughters is a Communist, another is notoriously a Nazi, and a third is the witty and gifted novelist who has edited these letters. The introduction is most lively, but I could wish for more and fuller notes.

Occasionally we have the muffled menace of the future. Five hundred Chartist marchers arrive at Alderley and are given cheese

ANNOUNCEMENT BY THE BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

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The important new ideas about public health to which the nation at large is now beginning to pay heed have grown up from seed planted long since by the doctors.

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FOUR BASIC PRINCIPLES

With this object the British Medical Association has issued in a new form its proposals for 'A General Medical Service for the Nation.' Briefly, its plan is based on these four principles:

1 *That the system of medical service should be directed to the achievement of positive health and the prevention of disease no less than to the relief of sickness.*

2 *That there should be provided for every individual the services of a general practitioner or a family doctor of his own choice.*

3 *That consultant and specialist, institutional and laboratory services, and all necessary auxiliary services should be available for the individual patient, normally through the agency of the family doctor.*

4 *That the several parts of the complete medical service should be closely co-ordinated, and developed by the application of a long-term national health policy.*

THE PLAN IN FULL

In the booklet now issued these principles are discussed at length in clear and simple terms. The need for co-ordination is urgent, and in particular it is essential, if our health services are to perform their task efficiently, that the individual using them shall be assured free choice of doctor and continuity of treatment. Those who would like to receive a copy of the B.M.A.'s proposals are invited to send in the coupon below.

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and beer "*on compulsion*." The liberal reformer, Charles Buller, a great friend of Maria Josepha's son, is interested in the reduction of the appallingly long hours of work, but "I cannot see," she writes, "how the 2 hours given up by the operatives will help much in making them more moral or religious and I do see that it will be a loss both to operatives and masters." And she is in the usual state of English indignation with foreigners. "How I do fume & splutter about the French—& *tremble* in every limb for the future—yet I *will* not doubt the spirit of the English nation, in spite of *Punch*. . . ." Illnesses, money, domestic animals and the behaviour of relations and friends provide the principal subjects. There are governesses too, with their exorbitant expectations and tiresome habits: "You will not get *all* you require under £100," and Miss Eccles's "indolence in walking exceeds all I'ld have imagined." Dogs are another anxiety, and Henrietta Maria's Lena is stolen, or rather kidnapped for ransom, like Flush. "If you care for the dog," her mother-in-law writes, "you must down with the 3£ & deny yourself that much in odds and ends of dress—anyhow you will hear enough of your *carelessness*." Four years later Lena dies. "They say you wish her to be buried by Iser, I think Henry will not *quite* like it he seemed always to wish to have the place *sacred* to her but of course it will be done." Then poor Henrietta Maria unwisely recommends Dumas's novel, *La Reine Margot*, and her mother-in-law answers that it "shocked *even* My Lord very much. . . . None but a Frenchman could introduce such disgusting details. . . . If you know of any *proper* French books, I shall be much obliged to you, but no Reine Margot please." Thackeray is little better. "I have read Vanity Fair and how anybody can like to associate with the author astonishes me." Perhaps Maria Josepha's most characteristic remark was excited by some unauthorised person riding her old pony, "I am much more angry than is good for me—it set my stomach beating for an hour."

Henrietta Maria lived to be 88, a most formidable old lady, and one of the founders of Girton. Bertrand Russell records two of her remarks: "Fools are so fatiguin'," and "So long as I live, there shall be no chapel at Girton." In this correspondence, however, she appears as a rather plaintive, conventional woman, entirely lacking her mother-in-law's vigour and wit. She is "disgusted" by Sidney Smith, "He was ever the first to scoff at things of good repute." She was very active politically, but you would not guess it from these letters. Here is one of the few good sidelights she gives us on her famous friends:

> Lady Holland was perfectly calm & composed the whole time quite aware she was dying & expressed nor felt, I believe, either hope, fear or emotion. It was a singularly cold death. Had her life been prolonged her sufferings would have been fearful to think of (from stone) I dined with Miss Berry yesterday she was pretty well.

Her love for the husband she continually reproaches is touching. "They say no couple love equally. I wish it had fallen to my lot to have loved the least, those always manage to get on best where the husband loves the most—but now it is too late to alter." Perhaps the most surprising thing in the book is the way in which she describes the methods by which, when an unwanted pregnancy came, she aborted her child. One gathers from her casual tone that this was not unusual among the Early Victorian aristocracy.

If you like to escape into a world where "the Duchess of Montrose wears plaid trousers & short petticoat about half way down below her knees," and "Dr. Ashley preaches to the windbound ships in the British Channel and has met with great encouragement in his missionary capacity," you will greatly enjoy this correspondence. It would be a perfect book for reading on a lawn, while croquet-balls clicked in the distance, with an expectation of strawberries, and tea from a silver urn, in the lengthening shadow of a cedar.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

HALF-WAY HOUSE

The Middle Way: A Study of the Problem of Economic and Social Progress in a Free and Democratic Society. By HAROLD MACMILLAN, M.P. *Macmillan.* 5s.

Is there a middle way between Capitalism as it now exists and Socialism as it is advocated, say, in the full programme of the Labour Party? Mr. Macmillan holds that there is, and is prepared for very large modifications of the capitalist system in the interests of democratic freedom. He defines freedom for the individual as including a reasonable standard of real income and a reasonable security that this income will be regularly received. It cannot, he holds, be ensured either by an extension of the social services or by legislation guaranteeing a satisfactory living wage. These are both necessary; but they are not compatible with the working of private enterprise unless they are facilitated by constructive changes in the productive system. Output must be increased and unemployment reduced before the State can in practice assure to the citizens a decent standard of living.

In order to achieve these ends, Mr. Macmillan proposes that the State shall make itself responsible for the actual distribution of essential foodstuffs and utility services. He would set up a National Nutrition Board, with the task of organising the production and distribution of essential supplies at the lowest possible prices. He would bring under complete public ownership or control by a Public Corporation the industries and services dealing with such commodities and utilities as are indispensable to practically all consumers, while leaving other industries in private hands. He reiterates, for these latter industries, his proposal of an Enabling Bill, giving them power to set their several houses in order and to coerce recalcitrant minorities, subject to safeguards against the abuse of their authority. He proposes public ownership of the Central Bank, and the establishment of a National Investment Board with wide powers—including the taking over of all dealings in high-class industrial bonds. He is prepared for a considerable control over the raising of capital, the location of new industrial enterprises, and the conduct of foreign trade. He wants a central planning organisation directly under the Government, and a financial policy (*à la* Keynes) designed to secure full employment and to even out cyclical fluctuations in trade. Given these forms of planning, he believes that there will remain an ample field for the continued working of private enterprise, especially in new industries which have not yet reached their full stature, and in industries and services providing for diversified demands beyond the basic requirements which are common to all consumers.

This is much from a Conservative Member of Parliament. It has, indeed, a great deal in common with the actual policy which a Labour Government might be expected to pursue during its first term of office. The main divergence would probably arise over the proposal of an Enabling Bill; for Labour opinion would be suspicious of any project conferring powers on the capitalists

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in industry generally to form monopolistic organisations. It must not, however, be forgotten that a Labour Government was responsible for the Mining Industry Act of 1930, which gave the colliery owners their existing monopolistic powers, or that proposals for "industrial self-government" might easily appeal to Trade Union leaders if only they included, as the forthcoming Cotton Bill undoubtedly will, provision for Trade Union representation on the controlling bodies to be set up.

The weakness of Mr. Macmillan's book lies in a certain vagueness on the subject of finance—not monetary policy, but the methods of financing his various projects—and in an undue readiness to believe in the efficacy of paper checks upon monopolistic exploitation. This, however, does not apply to his proposals for an extension of the legal minimum wage or for an assured minimum standard of living for the unemployed. If Mr. Macmillan could be regarded as representing any influential section of Conservative opinion, the way would be clear for an attempt to formulate a common programme which would, in practice, go a long way towards meeting immediate Labour demands. But it is to be feared that Mr. Macmillan speaks only for himself, or for a very small group within his party.

It should be added that his book is well written, full of useful information, and—at 5*s.* for nearly 400 pages—remarkably good value for money.

G. D. H. COLE

CIRCUS AND MUSIC HALL

Master Showman. By AL. G. BARNES. *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
Limelight. By GEORGE MOZART. *Hurst and Blackett.* 18*s.*
Ring Up the Curtain. By ERNEST SHORT and A. COMPTON-RICKETT. *Herbert Jenkins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Painters and novelists haunt the circus and music-hall. Poets who once would have stuck to blank-verse tragedy sandwich the profundities of their almost Greek choruses with something suspiciously like revue. Mr. T. S. Eliot expects the new theatrical art form to arise from the performance of red-nosed and black-eyebrowed comedians. The B.B.C. gives the old folks a treat with regular revivals of popular songs of the naughty 'nineties and even of the tiresome tens and twenties. Now the reminiscences of favourites of the legitimate stage are being crowded out by the books of the outlaws.

Al. G. Barnes was fond of animals. He "understood" them, and his talent for training them brought him to the head of a large travelling circus. *Master Showman* consists mostly of anecdotes about lions, tigers, elephants, dogs, mules and hippopotami which came under his care. He is particularly proud of the intelligence, affectionateness, and "humanity" of his elephants. Once he visited the elephant pen at night and "discovered three elephants actually rehearsing the act in which they were being trained for the following season on the road. One elephant was standing on her head while two were lying on their backs beside her. It seems to me that this is conclusive proof that the elephants were not trained by cruel methods, since they loved to perform so well that they rehearsed their acts at night of their own free will." Without doubting that Mr. Barnes was never consciously cruel to his charges, one continues to question the happiness of beasts which are seldom allowed to breed in captivity, and are supposed to take pleasure in the crowd's approval of their unnatural performance. However, Mr. Barnes emerges as a sympathetic figure, and his book has a likeable clarity and freedom from romantic cant.

Limelight is rambling, gossipy, slipshod, and very readable. Mr. George Mozart has had forty years' experience of music-hall and variety, and he tells a story well. His garrulous unpretentiousness should be emulated by other autobiographers. He has known everyone of any importance in the music-hall and variety world, and he wastes no time in telling us how good they thought he was. He provides a vivid panorama of "the profession."

Ring Up the Curtain is an informal history of fifty years of variety, comic opera, musical comedy, revue, cabaret, music-hall, and pantomime. The authors find their way through the maze of personal successes, financial failures, changes of taste and freaks of popularity with great skill. This is the first history of the music hall and it is a good one. They quote rich specimens of the "onion" or tear-producing song, the patter song, the love lyric, and the comedy chorus. That prize bore the home anthropologist will have a lovely time with *Ring Up the Curtain.* Planché, George Edwardes, the Savoy Opera, the seaside concert party, the Pélissier Follies, Cochran, Coward, the Caves of Harmony, the London Casino, and the Western Brothers are all put in their places. Candidates in English Literature will in future have to be ready to compare and contrast the techniques of Will Kempe and Dan Leno.

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VEGETABLE LOVE

Wild Flowers in Britain. By ROBERT GATHORNE-HARDY. *Batsford.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Botanists are peculiar people. Although each varied order of the plant kingdom is an object of almost obsessional interest to them, and its distinguishing characteristics their passionate study, yet no one could say they were impartial. They have their own conspicuous form of snobbishness. There is absolutely no doubt for instance, that, as Mr. Gathorne-Hardy points out, the Orchids are the Royal Family of the vegetable world. Most would agree that the Alpine Flora forms the highest rank of the nobility, and is followed at some distance by the bog and water plants. Mr. Gathorne-Hardy, however, confesses to other more unusual prejudices. He is "bored by the Hemlocks . . . the Peas, the Daisies, the Cresses," finds that "Docks are dull" and "the Chenopodiaceae a dowdy family," talks of "the tedious legions of Grasses," and asks pathetically "Who can love a Thistle?" He struggles nobly to do justice to these despised Smiths, Browns and Joneses of Botany, and on the whole succeeds fairly well. But in any case his book gains in flavour by such partiality, and by his correspondingly lively enthusiasm for his favourites.

Wild Flowers in Britain does not demand technical knowledge on the reader's part. Its aim is to make botanists rather than instruct them. This the author is specially well qualified to do, because in spite of calling himself an amateur he is clearly a mine of information, has the tenacity of Inspector French in tracking down his quarry and an artist's eye for observing it. What people who are not botanists find it hard to believe is that special knowledge of the subject can add enormously to the aesthetic appreciation of flowers. Partly, of course, it is that in order to identify a plant you must study it very much more closely

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Vol. III. Nineteenth Century Literature is dealt with by authorities such as T. Watts-Dunton, and Professors Sir Walter Raleigh, W. P. Ker, and Edward Dowden; Twentieth Century Literature by J. C. Smith, who has thoroughly revised the section and contributed a specially written and scholarly survey of the period.

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than you would otherwise have done, and in the process exquisite colours, proportions and minute shapes spring to light, too small to be ordinarily noticed. More than this, it seems that the botanist's knowledge of the complete structure of the plant (like a sculptor's of bone and muscle)—of the configuration of its roots stretching under the earth, the branching of stems, enfolding of buds by bracts, spreading of veins on a leaf—enriches and makes three-dimensional his awareness of its complex beauty. In fact I would go so far as to say that an exquisite design appears even in the spidery lace of that despised Umbellifer, Cow-Parsley, which I fear that Mr. Gathorne-Hardy, in his blind passion for Saxifrages and Primulas, will never *really* look at.

The book is illustrated by numerous photographs, many of which are exquisite. There are also drawings by John Nash. The author's enthralling descriptions of his own "floral triumphs" and "mortifications," his curious erudition and fascinating botanical anecdotes (such as the story of the old lady who fed a Butterwort on cold grouse) will give pleasure even to the most learned expert; and it will be surprising if Mr. Gathorne-Hardy does not succeed in what he sets out to do, and "like a sort of beneficient plague-spreader," infect others with his passion.

FRANCES BIRD

NEW NOVELS

National Provincial. By LETTICE COOPER. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Hollow Sea. By JAMES HANLEY. *Lane.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

We Things Called Women. By DULCIE SANCIER. *Hutchinson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

In a Valley of this Restless Mind. By MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE. *Routledge.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

There's Always England. By L. STEWART BOYD. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

National Provincial is one of those omnibus novels in which almost unrelated stories and persons are stirred together into a jumbled Decameron. In the present instance neither world-cruise nor jury, but the whole economic system, is used as a short cut to the unities; and with the aid of a dozen plots and scores of characters Miss Cooper has sketched a limited but brilliant picture of the social structure in a Northern industrial city. The centre of the circle, symbolic of the society he helps to control, is Ward, the self-made factory owner; understanding his workers and hating socialism, despising his social superiors and striving to win their approval. Radiating out from the factory in ever widening ripples are trade-union bosses and left-wing agitators, communist dons and Territorial officers, journalists, miners, housemaids and county cricketers, all of whom express their typical outlooks in typical situations. The only real link between the characters is that all, to put it crudely, are up to their necks in practical economics, with waves of ideology about to break over their heads.

This is the form of the book, but the author develops her numerous themes with wit and occasionally brilliance. At her worst, she is a competent journalist, and can bring a bleak excitement even to Socialist study-groups in draughty Methodist club-rooms; at her best, she can catch an instant's emotion with imagination and insight. Ward has threatened to disown his son unless he gives up his woolly Communism:

> In one sick, shamed moment he had known that he was not willing to give up his home, his comfort, most of all his security, for an idea. The idea had been all that he could pride himself on, and it was not real. He did not admit this, but he had felt it. He stood staring at the great bank of hothouse flowers in the hall. He felt that he would never, never be happy again. In some way, the vivid, opulent beauty of the flowers accentuated his misery, they were the external world that linked his torment with reality. He was never to see a begonia again in his life without a sick feeling.

Unfortunately Miss Cooper has rather over-reached her abilities, and essayed a breadth of scope beyond the powers of any living novelist. Not content to let each of her characters represent some political attitude, she has tried to give them private lives that shall be in tune with their economic convictions, forgetting that human character is still more complex than the subtlest social theory. In consequence, she is driven to take sides for and against the personalities of her puppets, parodying their emotions to suit their views on Fascism, and allowing only unpleasant people to hold unpleasing opinions. An enthusiastic critic has called Miss Cooper "Chehov in Yorkshire"; perhaps it would be less untrue to compare her to Aldous Huxley, with the important reservations that Huxley's characters are variations, not representatives, of a class, and that they are interested more in ideas than in the half-bricks on which they are built. *National Provincial* can fairly be compared to a very good *March of Time;* sincere, penetrating within certain limits, and highly entertaining. It is both praise and blame to say that Miss Cooper makes her picture too polished and too complete.

In his way, Mr. Hanley is a genius. In spite, or perhaps because, of his vivid description and brutally vigorous dialogue, he surrounds his tales with a haze of feverish fantasy in which the crudest and most earthy characters swim like tropical fish through worlds of alien horror. *Hollow Sea* is the story of a transport's voyage to Gallipoli; and before it returns to England with a cargo of corpses and mutilated men, the human characters fade into insignificance, and the ship and its endless voyage are the only realities left. The troopship, A.10, is the hero, and the book describes its gradual triumph over its Captain and crew. Some go mad, like Marvell, the steward, who creeps down in the darkness to throw the corpses overboard; others are slowly oppressed and defeated by the steady thud of the engines, the stench of the wounded and the empty circle of the sea. Many of the descriptions are masterly in their subdued suggestion:

> Fresh air blew in through the open port-hole. The mess was oblong in shape. It had two doors, outside were dark mahogany, inside they were painted white. The brass knob shone. The mahogany sideboard which stood behind Mr. Hump shone darkly, it threw up a dim reflection of the side of the bowl where the three dried apples had lain since leaving port. They were now hidden by flies. Mr. Hump loathed them, he would like to shut "that bloody porthole" but Mr. Walters had no objection to flies, he liked fresh air when he could get it and he was patient, even forgiving. He continually waved his hand and swept the flies from the table.

Sometimes there is too great a striving for effect, and "literary" passages that ring decidedly false:

> Warmth touches men in fo'c'sle and in rooms, touches silent helmsman and pacing officer, floods alleyways, brightens what was dark; lightens the heavy drab of closed hatch and house. Light catches waves, sinks with them, makes dust of foam, etc., etc.

Affectations of this kind are a little too frequent in *Hollow Sea*, and blow away the subtle tensity of a chapter in a gust of irritation. Mr. Hanley is at his best with the noisy commonplaces of ordinary

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The
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The Quarterly Journal of the Royal Economic Society

JUNE, 1938

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life that conceal the macabre and inexpressible. With a sustained suspense that cannot be conveyed in quotation, he suggests horror in the rowdy sentimentalities of a ship's concert, and gives his nameless transport the sinister ambiguity of the Flying Dutchman.

In spite of its lurid dust-jacket and unpromising theme, *We Things Called Women* is a first novel of considerable talent. The book deals, say the publishers, with "the oldest game in the world, Man versus Woman"; a game, they might have added, that is also the oldest favourite of the Spring publishing season. The scheme of this particular game is very simple. Eleanore, a beautiful half-Russian, determines to marry into the Lambarts, an old County family whose intellectuals join the Navy while the thoroughbreds stay at home and hunt. After various tactical difficulties, Eleanore succeeds in becoming engaged to the scientific sadist of the family, but ruins her plans by falling in love with George, his selfish and rigidly respectable uncle. A running commentary on the game and a description of the state of the wicket are given from the viewpoint and in the idiom of a rather Olympian Lambart. Yet, in face of all this, Miss Sancier has written with ability and insight, and made even Eleanore herself a wholly credible character. Without the least trace of satire, the author analyses the amorous complexities of a society where "bedworthy" is the private adjective, and "marriageable" the public fact. The tale's principal weakness is that emotions are assumed rather than described, and readers used to sensual introspection may, like Old Jaspar, the superannuated amorist, wonder what they sought each other for. But where the stronger passions are not concerned there is very acute intuition, while the dialogue is clever enough sharply to differentiate characters who in outlook, tastes and environment are almost identical. Miss Sancier is an able drawing-room psychologist, but when she comes on to unfamiliar ground the story at once loses interest and probability. The cruel, brilliant, libidinous mathematician whom Eleanore inveigles into engagement is not nearly so convincing as his sporting relations; and I, for one, found it difficult to believe that even a man given to dissecting live frogs in mixed company would have raped his virginal young cousin in order to annoy his uncle.

In a Valley of this Restless Mind is described as a "dramatisation of contemporary bewilderment . . . the predicament of the disillusioned idealist." The bewilderment is dramatised in a series of semi-fantastic little encounters with persons symbolic of various attitudes to life, related in the style of an undergraduate imitation of *Pilgrim's Progress*. The incidents are sometimes witty, often finely written and always bright, but they make no attempt to be either profound or original. The weakness of the book lies in the conventional nature of Mr. Muggeridge's disillusionments. He rejects various brands of religion, finding animate clay beneath the gaiters, collars and open shirts of Archdeacons, Vicars and Buchmanites; and is almost equally disappointed with Liberal journalists and German psychoanalysts. In Lust, too, he finds burning emptiness and a promise of Death that only Love can overcome; and in money, especially in large quantities, a snare and a seduction. Mr. Muggeridge, in fact, is bewildered on well-beaten tracks; but the fortunate minority who are still kept awake only by Lust, Liberalism and Established Religion will no doubt find in his book the greatest strength and encouragement.

There's Always England is a pessimistic modern story of the poor boy who doesn't make good; and from the day Keith is born in a Scottish fishing village, to the inevitable night when he is casually hacked and slashed to death in a Glasgow slum, we can hear Fate ticking away like a monstrous death-watch beetle. Actually, this novel is a little different from most of its kind. Keith's adventures in Eastgate amongst the betting gangs and picturesquely named "white hatties" are told without self-conscious toughness, while the descriptions of his desperate search for work through the snowed and deserted Highlands are sometimes almost impressive in their vivid simplicity. Essentially, this is a book for those who like straight biography set in a background of squalor, violence and occasional romance. The opening paragraph gives a taste of the full flavour:

> The chimney-pots were black. In the full daylight they were grey, a cold stone grey, the colour of bitter eyes. The colour of his father's eyes. Sometimes, though, the sun would be shining and it warmed the cold greyness of the chimneys and the blank walls across the way. It made him think of something lavishly poured out, a rich liquid which, if he could taste it, would be strange on his tongue and hot inside him, like the whiskey they kept in the kitchen cupboard.

Take it or leave it.

JOHN MAIR

THE JOLLY INNKEEPER

Confessions of an Innkeeper. By JOHN FOTHERGILL. *Chatto and Windus.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Having eaten only once Mr. Fothergill's food, we do not know if it is as good as his writings. But the new instalment of his diary can be recommended to everyone who appreciates wit, character and grumbling. The stories in his *Innkeeper's Diary* suggested a possible reason for his choice of a profession: he liked scoring off people, and if you keep an hotel, you meet an unfailing supply of new strangers you can score off. And while one chuckled at his stories, one feared to become the raw material of a new one. One goes through life being insulted successively by one's schoolmaster, one's boss, one's girl and one's children, and it is hard if one has also to spend one's holiday in awe of one's hotel-keeper. No doubt hotel guests are often unreasonable, unappreciative, uncivil, but the standard of English hotels might be higher if the customers were more exacting. Mr. Fothergill justly complains of his difficulty in getting three stars from the A.A., in spite of the obvious distinction of his inn. A friend of ours once had an interview with an official of this, or some similar, association. She complained of the habits of some hotel-keepers. "They put 'sole' on the menu, and it turns out to be really plaice with a sauce of Stickphast." "But is there a difference," the official said, "between sole and plaice? I never knew there was." (It was his business to inspect hotels and report on the food.) Mr. Fothergill could not conceivably give you plaice under the name of sole, however much he disliked your methods, but he appears to labour under some odd and unfortunate delusions about the nature of good manners. Thus he objects to people wanting to see a bedroom before they take it—"room-inspection is a bugbear of mine," and if they ask for the menu or what is for dinner he always feels it to be "rude and inquisitive." But is it not merely reasonable to discover whether you like a room, before you engage it? And anyone who considers cooking an art would naturally ask what he or she was going to be offered, if only to decide what wine would be appropriate. We can hardly believe that Mr. Fothergill refrains from asking this in other people's hotels, and, if he does refrain, it is a poor compliment to the kitchen and the cellar.

Mr. Fothergill's new book is more amiable than his previous one, for he records the anxieties and miseries he endured when out of a job. He is an excellent writer, his cantankerousness is, on paper, extremely entertaining, and the warmth of his heart, as shewn, for instance, in his remarks about the punishment of children, endears him to the reader as much as his wit and intelligence. His juvenile gusto for putting people in their place has moreover diminished (perhaps as a result of his adversities) and he no longer sets up to be a dictator. There are not many innkeepers in England who think of treating their work as an art, and we hope that Mr. Fothergill will have all the success he deseryes at his new house, *The Three Swans* at Market Harborough.

R. M.

Aristotle. Organon I. (The Categories; On Interpretation. Translated by HAROLD P. COOKE. Prior Analytics. Translated by HUGH TREDENNICK.) **Plautus, V.** Translated by P. NIXON. **Celsus, De Medicina, II and III.** Translated by W. G. SPENCER. **Varro, De Lingua Latina, I.** Translated by ROLAND G. KENT. (*Loeb Classical Library*). *Heinemann.* 10*s.*, cloth; 12*s.* 6*d.*, leather, each volume.

Here are five more of the Loeb Classics. The translators have as usual acquitted themselves well. One of them has had an exceptionally difficult task; to put Varro's linguistic treatise into readable English is a tough proposition, and Professor Kent is to be commended both for his translation and for his scholarly introduction and notes. Mr. Cooke has thought it desirable at times to give a paraphrastic rather than a literal rendering of Aristotle's *Categories*—and the plain man (if plain men read this work) will probably thank him. Celsus, on whom Mr. Spencer has spared no pains, should intrigue doctors—and many laymen—who are curious to compare ancient with modern prescriptions and practice. Many of the remedies of to-day, it will be seen, were known to the Romans, while some of their treatments may make us smile or shudder—throwing a hydrophobia patient into a swimming bath, for instance, and then immersing him in hot oil, or treating epilepsy by a draught of gladiator's blood. Plautus is now complete with this fifth volume, which contains *Stichus, Trinummus, Truculentus* and the Fragments, in Dean Nixon's lively translation.

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head, and hits it hard. Unfortunately, it is carelessly written, the author has not troubled to bring all his law up to date, and several of the grievances he mentions do not exist. For instance, it is no longer necessary to find security for costs on an appeal to Quarter Sessions, as stated on p. 20, and on p. 23 he confuses civil and criminal proceedings in connection with free legal aid. There is no means qualification except inability to pay in connection with the defence of poor prisoners. Generally speaking, Mr. Curtis has a tendency to looseness of statement and exaggeration. It is a pity that he does not tell us the ultimate result of the inquiry referred to on p. 59, nor, indeed, whether the promised inquiry was made. For Mr. Curtis, those in authority can never do right. He considers it "a point so terrible as to make one gasp with horror" that prostitutes are nearly always immediately released on bail. Does he think they ought to be imprisoned without trial? Incidentally, prostitution is not in itself an offence, although he speaks of it as one, and the temporary fall in the number of offences by prostitutes to which Mr. Curtis refers was due to the Savidge Inquiry and the Report of the Street Offences Committee, not the Goddard case. This book is so nearly a good one that its defects are the more irritating.

Before the War: Studies in Diplomacy. By G. P. GOOCH. Vol. II. **The Coming of the Storm.** *Longmans.* 10*s.*

Dr. Gooch's study of the diplomacy which involved the world in war is presumably completed with this second volume. The reader will find some difficulty in bearing the weight of a second volume. Dr. Gooch's knowledge and industry are overwhelming, his deportment impeccable, his judgment balanced upon the razor edge of impartiality. In the present volume there are five chapters devoted severally to the five diplomatists, Grey, Poincaré, Bethmann Hollweg, Sazonoff, and Berchtold. The method adopted is to record chronologically the history of the relations of the Great Powers in Europe from 1908 to 1914 and the handling of events by the five statesmen. As a work of reference the book is useful, for it serves as a guide through the labyrinth of negotiations and the super-labyrinth of State papers, memoirs, and other documents which has accumulated upon and around the original labyrinth. But it is not a book which one can read with pleasure or indeed with very much profit. Dr. Gooch made a great mistake when he decided to make five studies of five statesmen and to make each study mainly a record of events. The result is that the same events are recorded over and over again. This would not matter so much if the book were really a study and interpretation of the statesmanship of these five statesmen. But that is exactly what it is not; it is not biography nor history, but chronology, and a five-times-told chronicle is excessive.

Five Years Dead. By BERNARD FALK. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

Bernard Falk goes the way of all retired journalists to give us more stories of the press Lords, to lay another slain dragon at the feet of the almost legendary Northcliffe and to study Fleet Street geniuses with the eyes of a bank manager. A newspaper, obviously, exists for the glorification of its Lord. In a meandering way he illumines for us the perplexing problem of how much is earned by a best-seller; the topic, like the evasion of requests for free copies, has apparently caused the author much pain. He debates his chances for literary survival, finds he has as good a chance as 25 per cent. of his fellow-authors, and then enters the happier field of his anecdotage. For forty years he filled thin notebooks and now, as he displays their contents, we are reminded of an after-dinner speech—not a bad speech, we must add. His topics are as far apart as "Whistlerisms" and "A Study in Circulation," the latter containing some good compositor's errors.

The Ranting Dog. By JOHN LINDSEY. *Chapman and Hall.* 15*s.*

This Life of Robert Burns is intended for those who know insufficient about poetry to be excited by it, but who have a romantic interest in the lives of poets. It passes in detail over the events of his life, trying to make the reader feel as vividly as possible what Burns himself must have felt at the time—and assuming considerable omniscience in order to do it. The effect of so many present tenses and exclamations is as tedious as the speech of a demagogue on an abstruse political problem. Mr. Lindsay emphasises the "rantin' dog" element in Burns' character, but does not really determine how far this might have been softened by a less boring life—which is the problem for the writer who depicts Burns in this way. Burns was forced to live like Wordsworth with a totally different character—as sociable as the other's was unsociable. However, Mr. Lindsay's book serves the purpose of helping us to realise how Burns's poetry arose out of the particular incidents of his life, and to that extent is of considerable value to anyone coming to Burns for the first time.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

A SMALL packet of recent Telefunken records has been sent to me for review. Telefunken is now the principal German recording company, and their catalogue, though not extensive, contains some admirable recordings of otherwise unavailable music. I do not know at what price they are retailed in Germany, nor how, in spite of transport and customs charges, they can be sold over here at the standard price of six shillings per twelve-inch disc. But at least it cannot be said that they are undercutting English records (many of which are in fact pressed from Continental matrices); while their technical excellence is such that they are bound to stimulate the other companies to fresh advances. The quality of Telefunken recording is most brilliantly displayed in a couple of Handel records, containing the *Concerto No. 28 for Double Orchestra* and selections from the *Fireworks Music* as a fill-up: the orchestra is the Berlin Philharmonic, the conductor Hans von Benda. This is the most superb specimen of instrumental Handel available on the gramophone; the music, noble in utterance and magnificent in proportions, has all the virtues of classical eighteenth-century architecture; the last movement is gloriously exhilarating, a sort of passacaglia on a theme of powerful masculinity. On a good radio-gramophone the genuine depth of the bass and the silky strength of the massed strings are something to remember. The same conductor and orchestra give us on a single record a complete Mozart symphony, the graceful K.318 in *G major*, really an overture in the Italian style. Lastly Stravinsky himself conducts three records of his latest work, the ballet *Jeu de Cartes*. However thin the processes of his musical thought may now seem, it is always pleasant to listen to recent Stravinsky, because he has such a fine ear: his choice of harmonic and instrumental piquancies and his pattern-making are always in impeccable taste. Constantly on the search for new styles upon which to base his elegant distortions, he has now discovered Offenbach and Messager. The "painter-ish" cleanness and transparency of his work almost reconcile us to its lack of real individuality and organic structure. There is something appropriate in the choice of a game of poker as a subject for this most poker-faced of composers.

But the world in general does not care for poker faces, and the prodigious popularity of *La Bohème* is due primarily to instinctive recognition of its emotional sincerity and spontaneity. Puccini's ability to express emotion in terms of melody—a rare gift—together with his technical skill and great sense of dramatic effect made a masterpiece out of these scenes of Bohemian life. A new complete recording of the opera on thirteen H.M.V.s is on the whole admirable. Gigli is Rodolfo, and as usual we forgive him a cheap trick or two for the sake of his sustained flow of true tenor tone. The Mimi, Licia Albanese, is efficient but rather hard and lacking in simplicity; Afro Poli makes heavy weather of the light-hearted Marcello, being one of those baritones who express emotion by singing off the note; the Musetta, Tatiana Menotti, is, like all Musettas, a lively little screamer. One sighs for the restraint and purity of the classic Caruso-Melba-Scotti cast; but at any rate the whole thing is musically and dramatically alive, and the orchestra excellent. Disregard, by the way, the ridiculous "singing" version, and get hold of the Columbia booklet, which has an accurate and racy translation by Compton Mackenzie, who does justice to the wit and clever characterisation of the original.

An exceptionally interesting first recording is Mozart's early *G minor Symphony* (K.183), written in his seventeenth year and anticipating so astonishingly the tragic passion of his mature work in the same key; the finale in particular gives vent to a bitter temperamental outburst that must have seemed extraordinarily bad form to the Archbishop's court circle. Unfortunately I cannot praise the recording, which has all the characteristic American faults; the playing, under Wallenstein, catches the right mood, but is rather unyielding (three Cols.). Two most desirable H.M.V. records contain Bach's *A major Clavier Concerto*, played by Edwin Fischer and his orchestra. Like all the Bach keyboard concertos, this is a transcription from an earlier version—for oboe d'amore, according to Tovey. It is seldom played, which is strange, for it has a deeply touching *Larghetto* and a glittering, dancing finale; both of which Fischer plays in the style of a master. Another piano record of exceptional merit is Lili Krauss' Schubert *A minor Sonata*, Op. 143, on three Parlophones. This is not one of the great rambling sonatas, but a concise, intimate work of profound originality and beauty, which Miss Krauss, one of the most sensitive and exact of recording pianists, interprets to perfection. Schubert is further represented by another *A minor Sonata*, that which he wrote for a curious still-born combination of guitar and cello called the arpeggione. It goes admirably on the cello, and Feuermann (with Gerald Moore at the piano) lavishes on its naive, tender melodies the noble style and rich tone that recently delighted us in Strauss's *Don Quixote*. The slow movement rises to real eloquence, and

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the work is never less than charming (three Cols.). Columbia also issue some good piano records: Kilenyi brilliant but occasionally unimaginative in a group of Chopin's Op. 10 *Studies;* Kentner superb without qualification in the Liszt *B minor Ballade*. This hitherto unrecorded work (two discs) is in the same key and of the same year as the great *Sonata*, and, like it, belongs to the vein of his richest and least superficial emotion; its themes are very striking, and it is a notable addition to the Liszt gramophone repertoire. His pleasant but over-repetitive symphonic poem, *Les Préludes*, is freshly recorded on two Deccas by the Berlin Philharmonic under Paul von Kempen: a musicianly, if rather staid, performance of this intensely romantic score.

Decca have always supported what is most worth-while in modern music: in addition to the Walton *Symphony* and *Viola Concerto*, their list contains the only existing recording of Alban Berg, his strangely beautiful *Lyrische Suite*. This month they issue (on two discs) a *Theme and Variations for Two Violins* by Alan Rawsthorne, which is one of the works to be performed at the impending Contemporary Music Festival. There can be no doubt that this deserves its place, for the writing shows throughout evidence of a skilled and thoughtful mind, perfectly at home in this difficult medium; one of the variations, a *Notturno* in which one violin soars in bursts of eloquent arioso against a thrumming accompaniment in the other, is really impressive. The more scholastic sections, a *Cancrizzante* and a *Canone*, are not so successful. The playing of Kathleen Washbourne and Jessie Hinchliffe is admirable.

Of vocal records the most considerable is a posthumous Chaliapin containing the closing pages of *Boris Godunov* recorded during a performance at Covent Garden in 1928. It is remarkable not only for dramatic tensity but for beauty of tone, and is perhaps of all Chaliapin's records the one that is most likely to give a true impression of his greatness to those who never saw him. It begins a good deal later than his well-known studio recording of the same scene (H.M.V. DB934), and is taken at a much more deliberate and impressive tempo. Tancredi Pasero (Parlo.), aided by a magnificent orchestra, makes the best version so far of the *Slander Song* from *Il Barbiere*, paired with the mellifluous *Vi ravviso* from *La Sonnambula*. Janssen is finely sombre in the two gloomy songs from Schubert's *Winterreise* cycle, *Der Wegweiser* and *Das Wirtshaus* (H.M.V.). The Lyons Mixed Chorus (Col.) record three unaccompanied songs by Ravel, of which the first two depend largely on the words (not supplied) for their enjoyment, but the third is a beautiful piece of writing similar to Peter Warlock's *Corpus Christi* in its use of solo voices answering each other against a choral background.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Week-end Competitions

No. 432

Set by G. W. Stonier

The Guinness advertisements have added a touch of poetry to stout drinking and suggest that an equally attractive appeal might be made for teetotalism. We offer the usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) for the best short poem which would brighten our hoardings and convert drinkers to the views of Lady Astor.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, June 24th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 430

Set by T. W. Earp

Villon in his "Testaments" makes a series of bequests to various persons of real or imaginary legacies. The usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) are offered for the best fragment, in lighter vein, of a modern Testament-poem. Length should not exceed 16 lines, but may be less.

Report by T. W. Earp

Enough properties were bequeathed to stock the Caledonian Market, which, on the demise of some competitors, will probably be glutted with pipes once belonging to Lord Baldwin. These were easily the most popular legacies, as the most cumbrous was the Royal Academy, left to posterity by an entrant assuming the personality of Mr. Wyndham Lewis, but not his clarity of phrase. In the many cases where the theme was given a political turn the request for a lighter vein was too often ignored in a righteous indignation which impeded metrical flow. A tonsillitis was the mildest of the gifts wished on our more prominent senators, though L. V. Upward neatly varied the pipe-legacy—

> The League of Nations is to get
> My old and broken calumet.

He himself is to share with other veteran competitors the unwon prizes left by E. Davis, who becomes *hors concours* by writing in French, and ends well with—

> A faulx L.-S. je donne et laisse
> Un mot Sanscrit sans aucun clef.

Sob sisters and brothers were common victims, and it is to be regretted that it is perhaps better not to print K. Busvine's airy tribute to one of them, but a quatrain of R. D. C.'s may take its place—

> Item, against James Douglas' name,
> A volume of my Rabelais,
> Provided that he reads the same
> For thirty minutes every day.

Few attempted to echo Villon's ring, and still fewer used his stanza. Both are caught in Imada's first verse—

> Now, in the mid-summer of life—
> Ere rude autumnal gales drive chill—
> Half-blind with pain, heart-sick of strife,
> I take this page to write my Will.

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MIEDERS-IN-STUBAI, Tirol; 3,100 ft. up, 10 m. Innsbruck, beautiful Alpine scenery. Excellent cuisine; English spoken and English library. Terms: Low season, 7s. 6d.; High, 8s.–8s. 6d. daily. Special arrangements parties. HERR BECK, Hotel Lerchenhof.

PARIS, Vme. HOTEL D'ALGER. 18 rue des Fosses St. Jacques. Central, heart of Latin Quarter. Good rooms from 15 *frs.* daily. Special monthly terms.

TOUR

VISIT EGYPT FOR 26 GNS. Special escorted Tour from London July 27th. Overland Route to Marseilles; delightful Sea Cruise; 5 days' wonder sightseeing in Egypt. 19 days' Tour. Leslie Ling's Private Tours, Dept. N.S., 28 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1. (ABBey 2159.)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates, and all information on page 1045

I leave Acceptance of all ill,
To all my lovers yet unborn—
Bequeath to Poetry my quill
And to Hypocrisy my scorn.

But the pastiche is not sustained, and the first prize, though without acceptance of the bribe at their close, goes to Towanbucket's easy, casual topicalities; the second, to Alixandre's suburbanism, with its hint of latter-day Breughel.

. . . My winnings in the Penny Pool
I leave to found a betting school;
This brewery stock's for Shaw to take
For candles on his birthday cake;
Five pounds to E. C. Bentley's due
To pay for Trent's First Clerihew;
A crate (3 doz.) of nettle beer
I give to Belloc—Oh, and here,
For General Streicher to peruse,
Is Milman's "History of the Jews";
My Old Moore's Almanac's for Wells
(First-aid in his prophetic spells);
A fruity story of his boss
I leave in trust for Castlerosse;
And Earp, for giving me a prize,
Inherits all my Old School ties. . . . TOWANBUCKET

SUBURBAN TESTAMENT
(Le Petit Testament)

XIX

Item, to Master Edgar Snow
The garden roller lent to him
A matter of three years ago—
The memory of it now grows dim—
The clergyman, the Rev. Strong,
Has leave to keep the First Editions
Which have adorned his shelves so long,
Without suggestion of renditions.

XX

My radio—guaranteed to drown
Her own when played with windows wide—
Is left to Mrs. Alice Brown,
My neighbour on the Streatham side.
To Master White—God rest his soul—
Seeds of my new strain of sweet-peas
Which he has scowled at o'er the wall—
St. Hudibrast now grant him ease! ALIXANDRE

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 285.—BROKEN BOTTLES

By Major W. H. Knox

The Sharpshooters Club hold an annual mixed bottle shoot. The targets are six stands of twelve bottles each, a bottle broken counting as follows:—

On No. 1 Stand	1 point
On No. 2 Stand	6 points
On No. 3 Stand	36 ,,
On No. 4 Stand	216 ,,
On No. 5 Stand	1,296 ,,
On No. 6 Stand	7,776 ,,

The men shoot at the even numbered stands and their partners at the odd numbered stands. Married couples always enter together and there is keen competition between them and the single pairs. This year the married couples broke at least one bottle on each stand and scored 5 per cent. more points than the single pairs. The spinsters broke 14 bottles and the husbands only 4 but the men broke the same total number of bottles as the ladies, although they (the men) only broke one bottle on stand number six.

What was the total score?

PROBLEM 282.—TRIADS

Solution by James Donald

The problem is to find five numbers differing by one, each of which is composed of the sum of the squares of three of the first ten natural numbers. By testing it is found that the numbers can be 114-118 or 138-142.

The second last number of these sets is the amount Stella paid this year and as there was only one assortment of soupstones, the first set can be ruled out because 117 is made up of $1+16+100$ or $4+49+64$. On the other hand there is only one assortment of squares which gives 141 namely $16+25+100$.

Next year Stella will pay 142 *piastres and the several values of the soupstones will be* 25, 36 *and* 81 *piastres.*

Six points are awarded. A set of Low's cartoons goes to W. C. White, 33 Warwick Road, West Drayton, Middlesex.

PROBLEM 283.—DODECAHEDRA

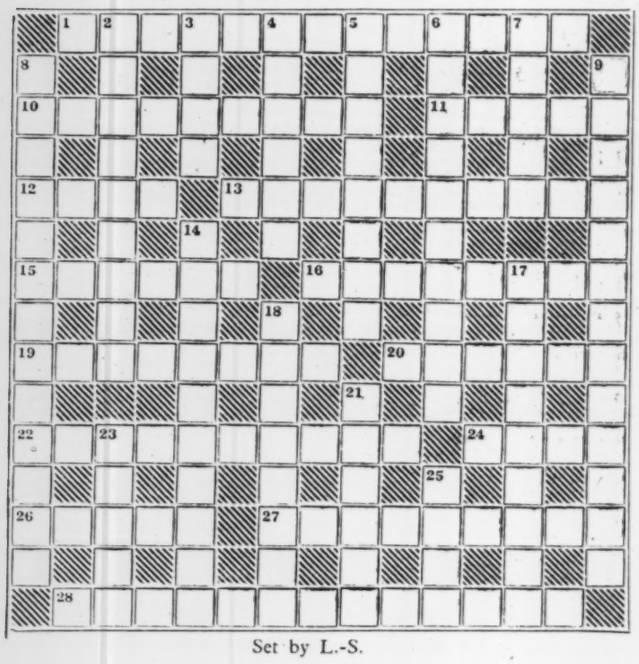
Solution next week.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 432

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Alex. F. Gordon, 18 Stewart Road, Falkirk, Stirlingshire

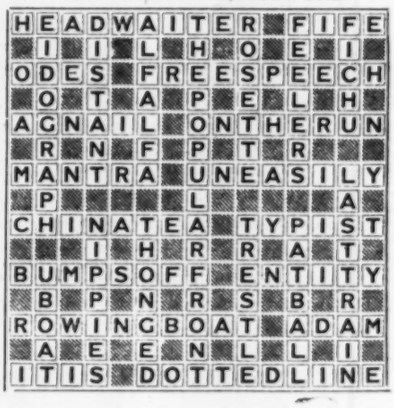
ACROSS

1. Mechanically cottons on to things. (13)
10. This permits a visitor to drink in time. (9)
11. The outlook is always black for him. (5)
12. Lawyer who no doubt obscured the issue. (4)
13. Spotty state of an animal when it's got a jumper on. (10)
15. Nor this time of year is windy. (6)
16. Medieval victim of anti-Jewish policy in Spain. (8)
19. Henry II had a fair idea of her. (8)
20. The final conclusion. (6)
22. One can only have a private view of such films. (10)
24. The place for a solo. (4)
26. A lively finish. (5)
27. Noted distances. (9)
28. Does the wearing of it enable one who is on the mat to get off lightly? (13)

DOWN

2. "Let us now praise famous men" should be their motto. (9)
3. Foots it with another XI. (4)
4. Well-bred maggot for the angler. (6)
5. Mean means. (8)
6. How the weird sisters do go about. (10)
7. Regularly caused by lack of sun. (5)
8. Is this where the beans are grown? (13)
9. Where employees go to their reckoning. (13)
14. Pelvic joint of a merman? (10)
17. A leading string to ceremony? (9)
18. Political inmate of the workhouse. (8)
21. Pulse that does not beat. (6)
23. Where a Mohammedan would look for Blackstone. (5)
25. Just that little that's too much to drink. (4)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



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THE BEDFORD PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE, 37 Lansdowne Road, Bedford. Principal: Miss STANSFELD. Students are trained in this College to become teachers of gymnastics. The course of Training extends over 3 years and includes Educational and Medical Gymnastics, Massage, Dancing, Hockey, Lacrosse, Cricket, Tennis, Netball, etc. Fee £165 per annum. For prospectus apply SECRETARY.

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THE LING PHYSICAL EDUCATION ASSOCIATION
(An Association of Teachers trained in the Theory and Practice of Physical Education).
All information, including list of publications, obtainable from Miss P. SPAFFORD, Secretary, Hamilton House, Bidborough Street, London, W.C.1.

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SUMMER SCHOOL 4th—31st AUGUST
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TOTNES, SOUTH DEVON.
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(Late Director, Second Moscow Art Theatre).

The purpose of the Studio is to train young people capable of creating a new standard in the modern theatre. A permanent touring company will be formed. The Studio possesses a fine modern theatre and a large open-air theatre. The Secretary on application will send a small book describing the method, together with full particulars of entrance and scholarships.

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LANCASHIRE COUNTY LIBRARY.

Applications are invited for the post of District Librarian (male) at Garstang. Candidates must have passed the Intermediate Examination of the Library Association, or must hold the Certificate for the Diploma of the School of Librarianship. Preference will be given to candidates with experience of County Library routine. The appointment will involve control of the branch library at Garstang, and maintenance of contact with the neighbouring centres. Travelling expenses will be allowed at the approved rate. Salary, £200–£15–£275. The successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination and to contribute to the County Council's Superannuation Scheme. Applications, together with copies of three testimonials, should reach the Director of Education, County Offices, Preston, endorsed "Library," not later than Saturday, 25th June.

THE COMMUNITY SERVICE COUNCIL FOR DURHAM COUNTY, LTD.

Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Woman Organiser for work in Women's Social Service Centres. Preference shown to candidates with experience of administrative and social work and of age between 28 and 38. Salary £200 or in accordance with qualifications. Applications with copies of three recent testimonials to: THE DIRECTOR, Hallgarth House, Hallgarth Street, Durham, not later than June 25th.

WORKING Housekeeper required. Two adults. Entire charge. Pleasant house. Write "G" 44 Craven Walk, N.16.

YOUNG woman graduate seeks post, knowledge French and German, typing, Left tendencies. Box 2125.

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UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY. Charming Jacobean Country House between CANTERBURY and SANDWICH to be LET, preferably FURNISHED (excellent staff will remain); 8 bedrooms, 5 reception rooms. Main electric light and water, central heating. Large secluded garden, hard and grass courts. Orchard, meadows, and small farmery, 18½ acres in all. Garage and stabling. From OCTOBER for any period up to three years. NOMINAL RENT in exchange for generous upkeep. Apply: GRANT, QUAIVES, WICKHAMBREAUX, nr. CANTERBURY. Tel.: Littlebourne 29.

SERVICE flats from £104–£175 p.a. One or two rooms and well-appointed dressing room, bathroom, kitchenette overlooking gardens. Full domestic service from shoe cleaning to window cleaning. Further details from SECRETARY, Lawn Road Flats, N.W.3. Primrose 6054.

BARGAIN. Luxury flat, West End. Short lease with option, bargain rent. Three large rooms, lounge, hall. To let now or September. Telephone: WEL. 4189. Box 2086.

BURNHAM-OVERY-STAITHE. Norfolk coast. (Bird sanctuary). Boating, bathing. Cottage, sleep 5 or 6. July–Sept., £12; August, £20. 198 Wymering Mansions, W.9. Abercorn 2853.

SMALL HOUSE, 3 minutes Kensington Gardens, quiet and attractive situation, to let furnished any period July–September. Tiny garden. 3½ *guineas*. Box 2115.

JORDANS. For sale: house, 3–4 bedrooms, central heating, garage. WINTER, Jordans, Bucks.

TO LET, furnished. Beautiful residential studio, overlooking Canal, W.2. July–November or part. 'Phone: Abercorn 3705 (9–11 a.m.).

STUDIO Flat, St. John's Wood. Secluded close. To let furnished until October. Double bedroom, tiled bathroom, refrigerator. Lock-up garage. Use of garden. 4 *gns.* week. Cunningham 5263.

WORTHING, Church Walk. Furnished flats to let, ground, first floor; three rooms, bath, kitchen each. All modern conveniences. Box 2139.

S. CORNWALL. To let, June, July, September: Charming furnished cottage, standing in private grounds. Near sea, golf, shops. Sleep 6–7. H. and c. Garage, beautiful garden. Full particulars, photographs, from PLUMSTEAD, Marlborough Cottage, Swanpool, Falmouth.

TO LET. Two partly furnished rooms in Flat. Apply Head Porter, Tudor Close. Primrose 3455.

N.W. Essex Outskirts, picturesque village. Tudor House carefully restored. 3 sitt., 5 bed., 1 dress., electric light, main water. 1 acre. Also small house, main road, suitable tea-rooms and several other cottage properties. Maltby, Gt. Sampford, Essex.

MIDHURST district. To Let for summer, beautiful old Farmhouse by commons and woods; 5 bedrooms, 2 sitting; unmodernised but comfortable. Station, HASLEMERE. 3 to 6 *gns.* week, good tenants only. BARRAN, 14, Campden Hill Square, W.8.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH. Attractive modern unfurnished flat, adjoining Heath, with lovely outlook. Three nice rooms, kitchen, bathroom, etc. Multi-point instant hot water, electricity and gas. Entirely redecorated. £90 per annum inclusive. Telephone: HAMpstead 5898.

DORSET DOWNS. All electric Cottage, 2½ miles Swanage. Sleep 6; garage. 6 *gns.* a week summer months. Lovely position, very quiet. Excellent sailing, bathing, golf, riding, close by. 'Phone: PAD. 1280 before 10 a.m., or write Miss PHILLIMORE, 292 Park West, W.2.

W.C.1. July–Oct., sunny Furnished Flat, large rooms, balcony, etc. 'Phone: TER. 6752 or GRO. 2864.

ST. IVES, CORNWALL. Cottage to let furnished from mid-September. Large Studio-sitting-room. Bedroom, two beds. Indoor sanitation. BALLANCE, Seagull House, St. Ives.

WANTED. Top flat, s.c., 2/3 rooms, near Lincoln's Inn. Reasonable rent. Woman journalist. Box 2146.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

MORE DEFENCE BONDS—GILT-EDGED REACTION—GOLD HOARDING—STEEL SHARES

THE authorities were taking no risks in connection with this week's further £80,000,000 issue under the Defence Loan Act. Last year's Defence Loan, issued in the midst of the City dismay created by N.D.C. and consisting of 2½ per cent. Bonds, 1944–49, at 99½, "flopped" badly and had to be taken up largely by the Public Departments. Its price, on the eve of the new issue, was 100⅞, but had been as low as 96. The present loan, issued at 98, bearing 3 per cent. interest and redeemable 1954–58, was evidently designed to elicit a better response from the public. Its yield to redemption at the latest date is £3 2*s.* 8*d.* per cent., whereas on the day before the issue was announced the comparable redemption yields were £3 1*s.* 6*d.* on Funding 3 per cent., 1959–69, £2 18*s.* 9*d.* on Funding 2¾ per cent., 1952–57, and only £2 14*s.* 3*d.* on Conversion 3 per cent., 1948–53. On last year's Defence Bonds, redeemable 1944–48, the yield was barely £2 9*s.* per cent. It is arguable, moreover, that in deciding to make the issue now, rather than in the autumn, the Government was also playing for safety. Out of last year's loan of £100,000,000 only £64,867,000 had been utilised up to March 31st, 1938, and there was a budget surplus of £29,000,000 of income over expenditure. It would have been quite feasible to postpone the issue until the autumn but for the risk of international disturbances intervening between now and October.

* * *

Market repercussions of the loan were quite violent. The stocks of a comparable date were marked down sharply—for example, Conversion 3 per cent. from 103 1/16 to 101, Funding 3 per cent. from 99 to 97 and Funding 2¾ per cent. from 97 to 95½. Some recovery subsequently occurred on bear covering, but present market prices show the havoc which the loan wrought in the short-to-medium dated loans.

	Price June 10th, 1938.	Price June 14th, 1938.	Yield %. Flat (gross).	Yield %. Redemption (*Adjusted gross).
Conversion 3%, 1948–53	103 1/16	101 13/16	£2 19 3	£2 15 9
Funding 3%, 1959–69 ..	99	97⅝	£3 1 9	£3 3 6
Funding 2¾%, 1952–57..	97 x.d.	95¾ x.d.	£2 17 6	£3 2 9
Funding 2½%, 1956–61..	90⅞	89⅞	£2 15 9	£3 6 6
National Defence 3%, 1954–58	—	98	£3 1 3	£3 3 6

* Gross equivalent of net redemption yield with tax at 5*s.* 6*d.*

Opinion is varied about the success of the loan. Some argue that it will pull the gilt-edged market down to its lower level, others that the new loan will rise to the former level of the market. On the whole I incline to the view that the new loan will stand at a big premium when the instalments are fully paid. The fact that 10 per cent. is payable on application and 48 per cent. on July 1st does not encourage small "stags," but there should be a sufficiently good response from the genuine investor who wants to see his money safe in a medium-dated security obtainable under par. For the insurance companies themselves the yield is not large enough to live on, but I have no doubt that a few of them have "stagged" the loan. As I write I hear that dealings are standing at ⅛ premium—an outstanding success.

* * *

In the course of the past week something like £7,000,000 of gold has been bought for hoarding purposes in the London market. Hoarders' appetite for the metal has been stimulated not merely by the prevailing atmosphere of war fears but—more recently—by insistent rumours of currency devaluation. The French franc after its last depreciation has been immune from rumour-mongering; but there has been growing talk of a decision by Italy to lower the exchange value of the "tourist" lira, and—of greater monetary significance—Mr. Morganthau's denials have not availed to stop widespread reports that President Roosevelt intends to devalue the dollar—i.e., to raise the U.S. Treasury's buying price for gold—once more. Since such a departure from the Tripartite Agreement, already battered by franc devaluation, would leave sterling "on the beach," gossip has it that the pound would be devalued too. Mr. Roosevelt's actions are incalculable; but I do not believe these currency rumours. The President would be unlikely to monkey with the dollar until the effects of the Lending-Spending Act have been tried out, and the presidential election year, 1940, is nearer. For the moment, distrust of the dollar is having the beneficial indirect effect of maintaining a moderate reflux of expatriated funds to France, whereas otherwise political uncertainties on the Continent would probably have led to an undesirable flight of capital westwards across the Atlantic.

* * *

The decline last month in the daily rate of steel production from 39,000 tons to 35,400 tons is another reminder that the steel boom has passed its peak. In the last six months both pig iron and steel production have fallen by about 19 per cent. There is little doubt that the high prices of steel are checking building plans, shipbuilding and factory re-equipment and incidentally are having an adverse effect upon our exports by weakening the competitive position of our manufacturers. The iron and steel industry, which has been booming on the rearmament programme, is, in fact, in danger of being left high and dry when the rearmament expenditures are reduced. But most shareholders of iron and steel companies still refuse to believe in the vulnerability of the iron and steel industry. Instead of being worried by the scarcity of new business and the probability that the bumper earnings recently disclosed are not likely to be repeated they hold on to their shares because high dividend yields are being returned, as the following table shows:

	Highest Price 1938.	Present Price.	Dividend %.	Gross Yield %.
United Steel £1 ..	27/10½	21/7½	8½	£7 17 3
Colvilles £1	26/3	21/1½	8	£7 11 6
Guest Keen £1 ..	31/1½	25/–	7 net	£7 14 6
Stewarts and Lloyds £1	40/9	35/9	12½	£7 7 0*
Whitehead £1	6	4 11/16	35	£7 9 3
Baldwins 4/–	9/4½	5/4½	10	£7 8 9

* Equivalent gross, after allowing for tax at a reduced rate.

Even at present market prices I would favour an exchange into the leading oil shares even though the dividend yield is 1 per cent. less.

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Bank Insurance and Financial Shares Trust (known as B.I.F.S. Trust) is designed to enable the investor to spread his funds over this profitable field of British enterprise. Its permitted investments number over 120 Home Banks, Insurance Companies and Investment Trusts, and its certificates are free from personal liability and give an estimated present yield of about 4¾%.
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Company Meeting

VENEZUELAN OIL CONCESSIONS

DEVELOPMENT PROGRAMME AND TREND OF COSTS

THE Twenty-second Annual General Meeting of the Venezuelan Oil Concessions, Ltd., was held on June 10th in London.

The Right Hon. Viscount Bearsted, M.C. (the Chairman), in the course of his speech, said: Turning to the profit and loss account, you will see that oil proceeds and value of oil stock have been increased by over £1,960,000, the figure for 1937 being £5,300,000, compared with £3,338,000 for 1936. This increase is attributable to two factors: an increase in our production and an improvement in prices realised.

In addition to natural trends, four special causes of increased expenditure attended our operations over 1937. Firstly, the value of the bolivar, which is controlled by the Venezuelan Government, was adjusted in 1937 in a manner which resulted in an average exchange rate for 1937 of 16½ bolivares to the pound sterling, as compared with 20 bolivares to the pound in 1936. Compared with par conditions of exchange (25.25 bolivares to the pound sterling) our operations in 1937 cost us over £1,000,000 extra on this account. Secondly, the award terminating the strike in January, 1937, had a considerable direct effect upon our expenditure. Thirdly, the enormous and costly housing programme had an important reaction both on our current cash resources and on profits. Fourthly, the very costly coast defence works.

A NEW INTEREST

As regards 1938, while the same causes of high expenditure as obtained last year are likely to remain, an additional factor will be introduced. An arrangement has been made with the Royal Dutch Shell group of companies under which we have acquired a one-third interest in certain new oil concessions recently taken up by a company called the Venezuelan Oil Development Company, Ltd. These concessions, as presently granted, comprise a total of some 600,000 hectares, situated mainly in the region south of the Maracaibo basin and in Eastern Venezuela. The commitment, of course, involves participation as to one-third in the initial expenses and all exploration and development costs attaching before any tangible benefits are realised. It is to care for these requirements, in addition to the expensive exploration programme on our own concession, that the exploration and general reserve is increased by £500,000.

From the point of view of our ability to meet the very high rate of expenditure which the numerous factors I have enumerated foretell, it is fortunate that our present producing fields are standing up well and that our contract with the Asiatic Petroleum Company ensures the disposal of our oil.

CURRENT FIELD OPERATIONS

Regular production from Tia Juana was commenced in March, 1937, and to-day your Company has approximately 170 productive wells. Tia Juana may be said to be the second most important producing region in Venezuela. The fact that Tia Juana crude is for the most part of exceptionally poor quality must, however, be made clear to you.

The main Lagunillas field, as distinct from Tia Juana, has been steadily developed and remains by far our largest source of production, although in this case also the majority of wells are now being produced by pumping.

The production of the La Rosa Cabimas Ambrosio field has been maintained by a steady programme of repairs to wells and the installation of pumping facilities, while a few new wells have been completed in the northern sector. Although the production of this area can be expected to show a slight increase this year, as compared with 1936 and 1937, the field must be regarded as practically drilled up.

The next field to come into prominence is expected to be Bachaquero, some 20 kilometres south of Lagunillas. Shipments from Bachaquero will probably start towards the end of this year, and from information obtainable from the wells so far drilled the character of the oil is likely to be poor.

As regards exploration we are drilling exploration wells at Pueblo Viejo, to the south of Lagunillas, and at Sibucara, near the city of Maracaibo on the western side of the lake. We hope shortly to commence an exploration well at Pica-Pica, a structure in the interior of the Bolivar district some 35 kilometres east of La Rosa.

All our production continues to be sold to the Asiatic Petroleum Company, a member of the Shell group, under our contract with them covering a period of five years from July 1st, 1936. This contract originally covered deliveries at the rate of 100,000 barrels of crude oil daily, but has since been increased to 170,000 barrels daily.

There have been references in the press, as a result of difficulties in Mexico, to the possibility of the extension of the same class of trouble to other Latin-American countries. The Government of Venezuela is in sound hands and is a wise Government, and the relations between this Company and its employees are all we could desire. I feel with considerable confidence that we have little cause to fear that any agitation in Venezuela from Communistic interests will receive support either from the Government or the workers.

The report was unanimously adopted, and the final dividend of 2s. per share, making 3s. for the year, was approved.

CO-OPERATIVE BANKING

The total resources of the C.W.S. Bank now exceed £109 millions; its annual turnover £770 millions; while the number of customers who avail themselves of co-operative banking facilities is over 114,000.

If you are interested call or write as below, when the fullest information will be supplied.

C.W.S. BANK

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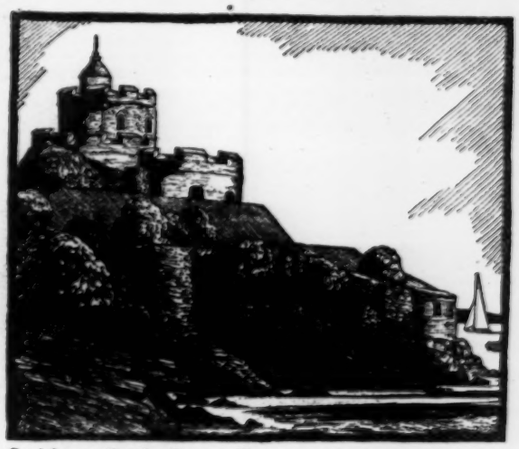

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